

THE
WAR CRY.
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

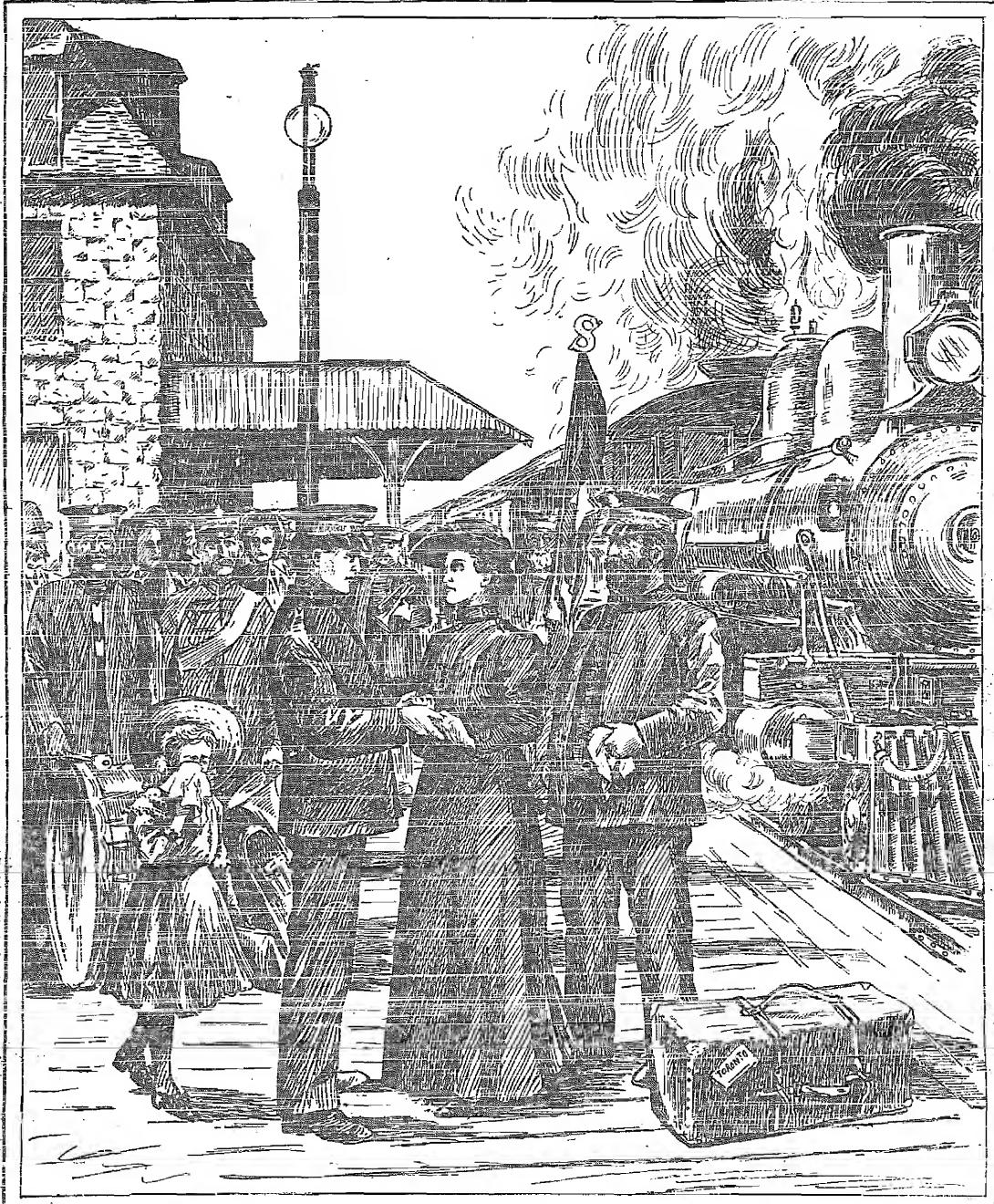
22nd Year. No. 52.

WILLIAM BOOTH

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



Mother's Last Word: "Stick to God and The Army, Sam!"
Recently sixty young Canadians from all parts of the Dominion arrived in Toronto for the Training Session. The scene here depicted by our artist occurred in many a town.

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

HIS WIFE'S SMILE.

Not What It Used to Be.

"You should see my wife's smiling face now! It used to be black eyes with her. We have family prayers in our house, where formerly there was little else but cursing and swearing. And now, instead of appearing before the public standing outside a boxcar booth, as I used to do, I tell what God has done for me in every open-air meeting, when I have an opportunity to speak."

"Since I was converted, I have not had any desire for either lazing, tramping or drinking!" I have also given up tobacco, so that I can praise God with clean lips. I used almost to eat tobacco, as well as smoke it, and when I had any, I was chewing it all day long. Thank God I am done with all these things! Salvation suits me down to the ground. After eight months of serving God, I can say I was never so happy in my life, and never so well off as I am today.—British Cry.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

A Reminiscence of Commissioner Higgins.

The Commissioner had a beautiful habit of reading and praying first thing in the morning before he left his room, and left that at night before he slept. He never departed from it. His "Soldier's Guide" was his faithful companion in every port of the earth. At night he seems generally to have prayed aloud. The last time his voice fell upon human ears, was when the Officer in charge of the Institute at Glasgow was passing the door late at night on August 1st, and there came forth the sound of prayer, as of a man speaking with his friend.

Now, are you striving to form good habits and habits of goodness? These things helped Commissioner Higgins to be good. They helped him to succeed. They helped him to overcome the devil. The same kind of habits will help you to do the same. But you must take trouble if you are to acquire them. They do not fall from Heaven! They are not found on the floor of the Hall! You do not even receive them at the Mercy Seat! They are to be cultivated and worked for, day by day, little by little, in spite of mistake and failure, and in the teeth of the world, flesh and the devil. God help you.—The Chief of the Staff, J. P.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic.—Pray for continued blessing to attend the General's Campaign on this Continent.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—Evil Marriage. 2 Kings iii. 1-25.
 Monday, Sept. 30.—The Avenger. 2 Kings ix. 5-20.
 Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Jezebel's End. 2 Kings x. 20-36.
 Wednesday, Oct. 2.—Zeal for God. 2 Kings x. 17-35.
 Thursday, Oct. 3.—Rescued. 2 Kings xi. 1-11.
 Friday, Oct. 4.—Faithful Workmen. 2 Kings xi. 17-18; xii. 2-15.
 Saturday, Oct. 5.—Forgetting Kindness. 2 Chron. xxiv. 15-27.

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

By Mrs. General Booth.

(Continued from last week.)

Miracles.

You say the age of miracles is past; because the age of that sort of it is past. You will get miracles when that sort of faith returns. He has bound Himself over to the help of His real people, and He

THE KING'S LESSON.

A Preacher of 1,200 Years Ago.

The venerable pede gives us some beautiful pictures of the preachers of his time, which we may set against the opposite kind given by Chaucer. "The whole care of these teachers was to serve God, not the world; to feed the soul, not themselves." One Aidan, he tells us, used to go on foot from village to village preaching; and, out of regard for him and his work, King Oswin gave him a beautiful horse to assist him. But Aidan soon after gave the horse away to a beggar, who asked an alms of him.

When the king heard of it, he asked indignantly, "Was there no horse of mine you could have given to the poor but that royal horse that I had particularly chosen for myself?" To which Aidan replied, "What do you say, O king? Is that fonder of a mare dearer to you than the Son of God?" The king turned away for a moment, angry, but he was soon upon his knees before the preacher, saying, "I will never more speak of this, nor judge of how much of our money you shall give to the sons of God."—The Field Officer.

SELECTING SONGSTERS.

Brother Kindheart's Difficulty.

The question of selection should also be viewed from the standpoint of efficiency. A Brigade of twelve good voices is far better than a Brigade of thirty, with half the voices of little use. It seems as though there is great difficulty experienced in this respect.

Brother Kindheart, the Songster Leader, wants the service of Sister Singer, who has a nice voice. Sister Singer won't join the Brigade unless her friend, Sister Squeaker, who has not a nice voice, but will sing solo, is also made a member. Brother Kindheart asks Brother Hightone to come and sing tenor for him. Brother Hightone agrees, if his wife, who used to sing in an inefficient outside choir, and who is a lady with a very small voice, which wobbles woefully out of tune, is taken in as well. And so it goes on. Various people introduce their relatives and connections, who are described as being "able to sing a bit." Brother Kindheart gives way, and bang go his chances of doing really effective efficient work.—Bandsman and Songster.

would sooner break all the laws of nature than He would break the laws of grace. He can easily set aside a law of nature; but He will never set aside a law of grace. He has bound Himself to faith—the only power in the universe to which He has bound Himself—and nobody ever rose up in this world yet, and said, "I trusted God and He deceived me."

Faith means trust—faith means abandonment—as if you were dying, and you had nothing left but the naked promise of God. You say, "I am dying; I must trust now," and that man jumps on to the promise. He gives up experimenting and really trusting; and you have seen the light come into his eyes; you have heard the song of praise burst from his lips because he believed he received, and he did receive.

Follow the Light.

Some of you know you are living in fellowship with Jesus. Some of you have lately commenced to walk in the light. You have put away the idols; you have abandoned yourself to the will of God, and sworn, by His grace, that you will follow Him all the way. You feel the Holy Ghost is in you. I entreat you to obey fully, to let the Spirit have His way. Do not restrain Him. Don't think it will

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

A King's Wisdom.

An ancient king passed a law against a certain grave crime. The punishment was to be the loss of both eyes. The first criminal discovered was the king's own son. And now what would the king do? How could he save his son and uphold the law throughout his dominion, and compel his subjects to reverence him and admire his justice? How could justice and mercy be wedded? The king had said that two eyes must be put out. Should they be the eyes of a slave? If so, his subjects might fear, but not reverence the king. They would despise him, and the son would go on in his shameless career. This is what the king did. He put out one of his son's eyes and put out one of his own eyes, and the people could only exclaim, "The king is merciful, and the king is just." He had found a way to save his son, and at the same time to make the law honorable.

Will God act so? Will God suffer to save the sinner? Is there any other way that God can justify the sinner, and yet Himself be just? The Bible says that God will suffer, and that God has suffered.

But when and where? On Calvary!—American War Cry.

MRS. COLONEL LAWLEY'S CONVERSION.

A Page of the Past.

We see a tall Irish girl peeping in at the door of Lake St., Portsmouth, Hall, after following, with shocked fascination, "those blazing scarlet gurnseys, quaint, last-century looking tunics, harsh brass instruments and jingling tambourines," all down a street, to find out what and who these people were.

Horror seized her to see Bible texts on the walls. Religion was sacred to her, and this performance seemed a dreadful masquerade. She hurried away, but was impelled to seek the Hall again. Her second visit was on a "class night," and she found herself in a very different meeting from the free-and-easy of Saturday night.

"The strange garb and unwanted attire distracted her a little at first, but as the meeting went on she saw God only—the God of whom all her gay girl-life had been one long defiance, still waiting, still pleading. The crucified Jesus seemed outlined before her against the heavy curtain behind the platform. His love swal-

lured your bodies; don't think it is too much; don't think you are getting fanatical; don't think that, after all, God does not require this kind of thing—follow the Spirit. Let the Spirit lead you and groan through you; let the Spirit wrestle with God through you—follow Him.

It was one of the things in which I grieved the Spirit of God in my early days, that I would not let Him, to the extent He would have done, make me a woman of prayer. He used to lay particular people and subjects on my heart, so that I could not help praying; but oh how bitterly I have regretted and wept before the Lord that I did not let Him have all His way with me in this respect.

Take warning! and you whom He is beginning to lead, let Him lead you. Pour out your souls for others and with others. I believe that more souls are convinced in real prayer than in speaking. I have noticed this many a time.

I have seen a lot of the roughest men conceivable, behaving in the most unseemly manner, arrested by the influence of prayer. Perhaps, when the rowdyism has been ready to break into open tumult, a little woman has stretched out her hands over the congregation, and said, "Now, let us pray," and I have seen

lowered up all the world beside. She saw nothing else. She counted no possible cost; she scarcely knew the meaning of the Cross. Only down there at His feet, was rest for her restless—something to live for, soma one to die for. She rose, and hung herself, "like a vine," down by the wooden bench, where she had never seen any one else kneeling. But at whose like she was to see so many in the years to come.

Some one took her name, but no one spoke to her; she wanted no help, needed no human hand. The ecstasy of self-renunciation was upon her. Martyrdoms were to come afterwards. She walked home in that rapture of being "not my own," that overwhelming consciousness that every step of the commonplace, homeward road is set toward the Golden City, that some of us know so well.

"I am saved!" she greeted her sister. "I'll not last long; you're too fond of pleasure," was the answer.

The story goes on to tell of misunderstandings, which obliged her to choose between the hospitality of her relatives and her devotion to the people, then regarded as "simply a lot of bad characters."—The Believer.

LABOUR HOSPITALS.

Colonel Jacobs on Army Workshops.

"Our Labour Factories are really hospitals. We take in broken-down men; unfortunates; people for whom little or nothing is being done—drunkards, loafers, and poor fellows who have lost heart in the battle. We never pretend to pay them wages in the ordinary sense, unless, of course, they rise to be foremen, or regular employees.

"We set them to work in the best way we can, and at anything they can do. Some we teach how to earn their living later on. We befriend them all so far as they will allow, and in return for their labour we see that their wants are supplied. If they were in the circumstances of ordinary workmen, able to obtain work, and able to keep it when they had obtained it, they would not press to come to us. If they did, we should not take them.

They all come to the City Colony as a direct result of destitution. Their destitute condition is the final outcome of many different causes; but in every case, it is largely brought about because these men are not fitted for the labour market either through inability, or unwillingness to comply with the conditions demanded of them by the employers.—Social Gazette.

the whole mass of men assume an attitude of quietness and reverence. I have watched the aspect of the congregation, and seen great, rough, black-faced loafers bow their heads, and sometimes wipe their eyes. And when we have got up to sing, there has been no note disorderly conduct, but they have settled down with the solemnity of death to listen. Hundreds of them were convinced of sin while under that prayer. It was the Holy Ghost wrestling for those souls in the heart of that woman, that struck them with conviction.

Prayer is agony of soul—wrestling of the spirit. You know how men and women deal with one another when they are in desperate earnestness for something to be done. That is prayer, whether it be to man—or God; and when you get your heart influenced, and melted, and burdened by the Holy Ghost for souls, you will have power, and you will never pray but somebody will be convinced—some poor soul's dark eyes will be opened, and spiritual life will commence.

The exports from Canada for the month of July showed an increase of nearly \$12,000,000 on last year's figures.

The New Cadets--How the Call Came.

A Fascinating Account of How the Cross of Christ Triumphs Over the World's Attractions.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article clearly shews that the day of self-sacrifice and high purpose is not gone; that there are those who set the Kingdom of God before dollars, and the good of others before their own; also that history repeats itself.



See a band of sixty young men and women who have voluntarily surrendered worldly prospects and severed home ties, in order to devote their lives to saving souls, is an inspiring sight, and exalts one's opinion of human nature, that can, in this age of materialism and love of money-making, yet find those who will leave all to follow Christ.

Some particulars concerning these young men and women will doubtless be interesting. They come from the ranks of the world's toilers, from the mines, the farms, the forests, the cities and the oceans. Many had prospects before them of obtaining to position and wealth—they gave them up to follow whithersoever the Master led them; many had strong ties of affection that bound them to home, to parents, to friends—they severed them in order to yield themselves completely to the greater love, at demanded of them a living sacrifice. Some came from large and flourishing Corps, where they occupied the chief local positions, and had every opportunity of working for God, and they wondered, perhaps, why He should call them from a sphere where they appeared to be so useful; others came out of the greatest obscurity, and from the most discouraging surroundings, and perhaps would never have been heard of at all, had it not been for the open-door to a field of usefulness which The Salvation Army provided for them, and towards which the Spirit urged them.

Historical Parallels.

It is a striking fact that the call to labour for souls came to most of these Cadets whilst they were busy doing the duty that lay nearest to them at the moment. In this they were not unlike Moses, who was called to deliver his people whilst tending his sheep; or Elisha, who was called whilst ploughing. Matthew heard Christ say, "Follow Me," whilst he was sitting at the receipt of custom, and Peter and John were called to be fishers of men while they were busy fishing on the Lake of Galilee.

A stalwart young miner from New Ontario, tells us that whilst he was on his way to a meeting, after working at the mines all day, he saw a drunken man come staggering out of a saloon. The sight touched his heart as never before and a voice whispered, "Go out and save the lost." He at once made up his mind to forsake silver mining, and devote his energies to mining for the souls of men. Another one, a ship's engineer, tells how he saw an opportunity to do some work amongst the prisoners in a certain jail. After holding several meetings with them, the thought forced itself upon him that there would not be so many in jail if there were more devoted Soldiers of the Cross, willing to spend their lives in warning men of the consequences of wrong-doing.

"You are the one; you ought to go,"

whispered a voice within. It startled him, and for many nights he could not sleep. One night he attended the Commissioner's special illustrated song service, and, as the picture of the Saviour was thrown on the screen, it strongly though mutely appealed to him. "I suffered this for thee, what hast thou done for Me?" the picture seemed to say and there and then he decided to cease running machinery and offer himself to Christ as an assistant engineer on the Gospel Ship.

How the Call Came.

To one of the girl Cadets, the call of God came loudly through an incident that occurred in a prayer meeting one night. She had noticed a woman in deep mourning, sitting in the audience, and felt impelled to go and speak to her about her soul.

After she had talked to her for some

Persecuted but Not Dismayed.

One lassie was much persecuted at home because she attended The Army and had made up her mind to be an Officer. She was not allowed to wear the uniform or go on the march though she desired to do so with all her heart. Still, she stuck to her purpose, and one day announced to her parents that she was going to leave them, in order to go to the Training Home. Her farewell was not such a happy one as the majority of Cadets experience, who have the blessing of the old folks and the good wishes of their friends to somewhat soothe the bitterness of the separation, for she had to go away with her mother's reproaches ringing in her ears. It was with a somewhat heavy heart, therefore, that she rang the bell at 135 Sherbourne Street, but she soon found a sympathetic friend in the person of

Ind had a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, with all expenses paid, dangled before him, but he looked at the recompense in the Beyond, and chose the life of a Salvation Army Officer, with its toils and privations and uncertain monetary reward down here.

A Common Object.

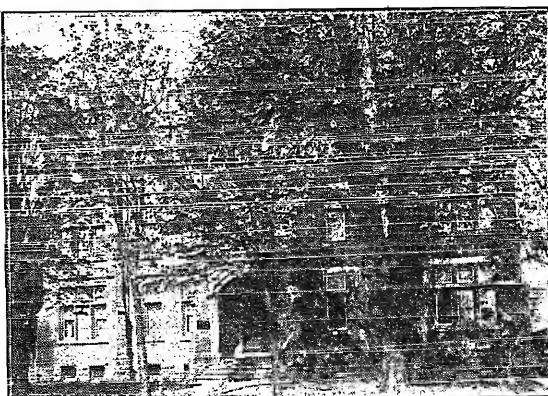
Is there not faith upon earth to day? Is there not love which is willing to sacrifice? Surely the testimonies of these young lives given up to God must answer 'Yes.' Gathered from all parts of our great Dominion, they represent its different types of character, and are the contribution of the workers of the nation to The Salvation Army. Under the one roof, huddled together with one common object, and inspired by one spirit, the office clerk meets with the farm labourer, the miner with the sailor, the architect with the railroad man, the stenographer with the blacksmith, while on the other hand the girl from the factory, who knows what it is to struggle for a living, meets with the girl who is fresh from a home where such problems are unknown; and the telephone operator, used to the rush of city life, meets with the quiet girl from the farm. All are different types, their characters all differ, but one thing about them strikes the observer, and that is, that the Religion of Christ has thoroughly imbued them with the love of their fellowmen as brothers and sisters they are prepared to go forth unitedly in the name of God who called them to the front of the battle. God bless the new Cadets. Reader! what are you doing with your life? If you are converted, and young, and healthy, there is a wide sphere of usefulness before you in The Salvation Army.

Let not the sacrifices you have to make appall you; let not the difficulties drive you back; let not the world's allurements tempt you aside, but with a firm faith and a courageous heart, step forward and offer yourself to God for the salvation of the world, saying, "Here am I send me."

Death and Resurrection.

A Beautiful Sicilian Custom.

There is a beautiful custom in parts of Sicily when the fishermen are going on some expedition into the deep sea. Their wives and children accompany them to the shore, and as they embark they raise all together their voices in a hymn of praise to God; and as they put out to sea those in the boats answer to those on the shore in an antiphon of devotion, verse after verse, until their voices die away in the distance. So we to-day stand on the shore of eternity, and as each after soul puts forth into the deep and passes from our sight, we raise the song of confidence, "Christ is risen," and the answer comes back from the bosom of that boundless ocean—"Christ is risen indeed."



The Training College, as Our New Cadets Saw It.

Arousing Interest in Their Revival.

Salvation Army Officers Are Holding Large Meetings—The Old-Time Spirit is Again Prevalent.

Powerful revival meetings are being held at The Salvation Army Hall, at the corner of Duhlin and Paisley Streets. The old-time Blood and Fire spirit as demonstrated in the early days of The Army is again prevalent on every hand. The testimony of the speakers bear no uncertain sound and convinces the hearer that the remarks are the outcome of much prayer and unwavering faith in God. The singing, too, is rendered with fervent power, the whole congregation singing enthusiastically, taking up the refrain again and again.

The service in the Park on Sunday afternoon was of an indescribable character. The members of the Band turned out almost to a man, including the converts of the last few days. An interested crowd gathering round, many of them listening attentively from beginning to end. The addresses were forceful, bright and cheerful. The music rendered by the Band and the congregational singing was much enjoyed, and proved a great blessing to many present; and even when the doxology was sung showed little desire to leave, until assured that the service was really over. The night meeting was equally as powerful, the Hall being crowded. Among those who took part were Brother Radcliffe of Brantford, and Cadet Cooke, who farewelled for the Training College, Toronto. The meeting resulted in several conversions.—Guelph Daily Mercury.

A Busy Month.

Making Things Move all Round.

The Pacific "Cheer up" Brigade arrived at Lethbridge in the wee small hours of the morning, and were met by Captain Rickard and escorted to the Citadel. A month's campaign was started next day by renovating the Hall and quarters and putting electric globes in the main hall. Splendid crowds attended the meetings which were held, and several souls were saved. Captain Johnstone, who is in charge of the Brigade, says that this is one of the busiest months he has ever put in as a Salvation Army Officer. Besides performing all the duties of a Field Officer, he officiated at the wedding ceremony of Brother Tuff on behalf of the S.A., and enrolled several Soldiers, besides conducting special open-air and indoor services on Labour Day. He was also called upon to conduct the funeral service for the infant child of Brother and Sister Woods.

The Lethbridge Band rendered excellent service. They gave an entertainment that brought them in \$42.00 towards new instruments and music. Prospects seem bright for a real red-hot halleluiah Corps at this place, and the business men are delighted at the revival of the S.A. work and are ever ready to help. Captain Adams has returned from his trip to the Old Land well and happy.

A Royal Proclamation has been signed announcing that New Zealand shall be designated the Dominion of New Zealand after September 26th.

MAJOR CAMERON, T.C.S.

A Brief Sketch of an Interesting Career.



Major Cameron.

MAJOR CAMERON is a thorough Scotch woman, with all the best characteristics of her sturdy race strongly developed. She was born and cradled in the Highlands, close to the Moray Firth, where, surrounded by the grand and rugged heather-clad hills, she grew up into a quiet but determined lass, filled with all the traditions and prejudices of the Clan Cameron. She regularly attended the Presbyterian kirk with her people, and would no doubt have gone on for a lifetime in one groove, with one idea, had it not been for the advent of The Salvation Army in the little town of Forres at this time. When Miss Cameron saw it announced that two Army lasses would open fire in the town at a certain date, she thought it a very improper way to advertise religious meetings, and was somewhat offended at such irregular modes of preaching the Gospel being adopted by the Salvationists.

The Army made quite a stir in the place, however, and she got interested enough to go to a holiness meeting. The truths that she heard proclaimed took a great hold of her mind, and she was convinced that her greatest need just then was the blessing of full salvation. With characteristic caution she hovered some time on the verge of decision before taking any definite action. In the meantime she read a great deal about holiness and thought the whole matter out thoroughly for herself. At last she saw her duty clearly and throwing aside all reserve, she laid her all on the altar, and claimed the blessing of a clean heart by faith. From that moment her soul life became strong and vigorous, and she pressed forward to meet the foes of God and man with an invincible courage, a dauntless faith and unquenchable love for souls. The call soon came to Officership, and she sent for Candidate's papers, in spite of the opposition of friends and relatives. With the entreaties of her

brothers not to go into Training, ringing in her ears, she locked herself in her room one night, and struggled for victory until the dawn came. As the sun rose she picked up a pen, signed her name to the papers, and her life's work was fixed. As a consequence of this decision, her brothers went away to South Africa and she did not hear from them or see them again until, in the course of time, her duties led her to that country, where they were among the first to welcome her.

In 1889 she was accepted for the Work, and after being trained at Clapton, was sent as Lieutenant to twelve Corps in Scotland and North England. She was promoted to Captain in 1890 and after successfully commanding five Corps, was further promoted to Ensign in 1897, and appointed to Newbury. The next year she was called to London, and given charge of St. John's Newington, which was a Training Corps, and here she came into direct contact with the work of directing the energies of numbers of enthusiastic young Cadets into proper channels. Ten years had elapsed since she had received her first commission, and they had been full of happy, successful warfare. Every appointment she had received was regarded by her as being just the place where she was most needed, and in this assurance she found complete rest from the harassing doubts and anxieties that some are tempted with. It was with the utmost certainty, therefore, that God was calling her to devote her life wholly to the Training of young Officers, that she accepted her appointment to the Training Home Staff, with the rank of Adjutant. That was in 1899, and since then she has continually been engaged in supervising the Field Training of Cadets, and thinks it the most delightful and interesting work that anyone could wish for.

In the Clapton Training Home she laid herself out to win the confidence and love of the Cadets under her direction, and also to instruct

them in the doctrines and principles of The Army, and inspire them with its spirit. Under her skilful management and sympathetic dealing, some of the most unpromising Cadets have developed into good, trustworthy Officers. The Major teaches them that it is of the utmost importance to keep right in their souls; after that comes the duty of working at themselves, and endeavouring to improve every day.

The more backward ones have her special care and attention, and she does not mind how much trouble or labour she expends on them, if they only appreciate her efforts.

For eighteen months the Major was out in South Africa, where she gained a great deal of experience, which, she says, the Canadian Cadets will doubtless feel the benefit of now. The country was in a state of unrest at that time, and many difficulties confronted The Army, but she felt honoured in being allowed to share the hard fight with her South African comrades. Her term of service here, as Training Home Principal, greatly broadened her views, and enlarged her sympathies, and she returned to London in 1904, feeling more fit than ever for the work before her.

As regards her appointment to Canada, the Major feels quite satisfied that she is in her right place, and in her usual whole-hearted fashion, has taken hold of the duties that have fallen to her.

She is much impressed with the air of prosperity and progress that is everywhere apparent, and also with the freedom and friendliness of the Canadian people, and is delighted with the cordial welcome she has received from all.

"They made me feel quite at home at once," she said, "and I don't feel at all strange."

We have no doubt but that the Major will soon win her way to the hearts of the Cadets under her guidance, and that the whole Canadian field will greatly benefit through the coming of this devoted Officer.

Her firm convictions, her thoroughness, and her devotion to duty peculiarly fit her for the position she occupies, and she will doubtless succeed in stamping these characteristics on many future Officers, and inspiring them with the same spirit, so that they will treasure their Training Home experience as one of the best and brightest epochs of their lives.

We are having blessed times at Tillicoultry. On August 25th one sister got delivered from sin, and the Soldiers got the glory and danced for joy. Many are deeply under conviction here, and we are praying and believing for their salvation. Prayer and personal dealing will win.—H. Dicks.

We have at last said farewell to two of our comrades at Portage La Prairie, Walter Davis and William Kerr, who enter the Training College this session. They were both members of the Band, where they will be much missed. Brother Davis was also J.S. Sergeant-Major, and took an active part in the jail work also.—A. Chivens, Lieutenant.

Brother Sharp farewelled from Parliament Street on Sunday morning for the Training College. Four souls came to the Mercy Seat during the day.



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A scheme the gap in between the grounds of the market railway line Bay. It is said comm through H for at least This would from the gr endanger t of the We opening of land which first forty under cons Northern L is probable see a thri regions, wi doors, and de velopmen posted in

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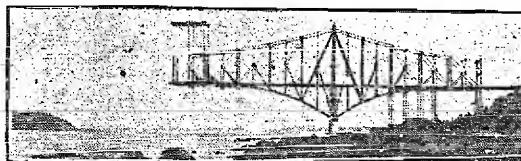
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THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



The Completed Portion of the Quebec Bridge, Before the Collapse.



After the Collapse. Seventy-Nine Lives Were Lost.

The Hudson's Bay Route.

A scheme is now afoot to complete the gap in the communication between the grain fields and grazing grounds of the Western Provinces and the markets of Europe, by means of a railway line to Churchill, on Hudson's Bay. It is the general opinion that a safe commercial route can be found through Hudson's Bay and Straits for at least three months in the year. This would provide a means of relief from the grain blockades such as now endanger the continued development of the West, and would begin the opening of thousands of miles of good land which is now unsettled. The first forty miles of the line are now under construction by the Canadian Northern Railway Company, and it is probable that before long we will see a thriving port in those northern regions, with immense fisheries at its doors, and large possibilities as to the development of mineral wealth deposited in the neighbourhood.

Disturbances in Russia.

That Russia is still in a state of extreme unrest is evident from the significant yet scanty news allowed to pass the censors. The Government has officially condemned the Union of the Russian people, but the reactionary element do not cease to demand further pledges for the effacement of the bureaucracy, the establishment of a dictatorship, and the extermination of the Jews. A new plot has been discovered against the Czar, resulting in three of the conspirators being hanged and the rest banished. In Odessa there is much lawlessness, and the city is terrorised by bludgeon men, while in Kishineff an anti-Jewish riot has occurred, resulting in the death of eighty Jews.

In Poland the Terrorists are committing outrages, and strikes, involving 30,000 workmen, have occurred, accompanied by scenes of the greatest disorder. That Russia is in a state of revolution is clear enough, and very little is hoped from the meeting of the new Duma. To make matters worse, cholera is increasing along the Volga, and 569 deaths have occurred in the Province of Astrakhan since the outbreak.

An Emperor's Appeal.

Speaking at the Munster Museum in Westphalia recently, the Emperor William of Germany made a stirring appeal to the nation to sink all differences in the pursuit of a common ideal, and expressed his bold conviction that the only means by which a union of all classes could be effected was by a practical everyday religion. "This unity," he went on to say, "could only be attained in the central person of our Redeemer, in the man who called us brothers, who lived as an example for all of us, and who is the most personal of personalities. Even now He still goes up and down among the nations and makes His presence felt in the hearts of all of us. Our nation must look up to Him and be united, and must build firmly upon His words, of which He Himself has said 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.' If it does this it will succeed."

Coming from a monarch who holds such a powerful place among the European nations, these words cannot fail to have great weight. It would be well for the Canadian people to ponder the utterances of His Majesty.

South African Matters.

A scheme for the federation of the various South African Colonies is now under discussion, and it is hoped that an inter-colonial agreement on the subject will soon be secured. On the Rand there is much interest owing to the repatriation of the Chinese labourers, and many outrages have been committed by Chinamen. Two thousand three hundred Chinese labourers sailed for home from Durban recently. The Government intends to enforce the Asiatic Ordinance by not renewing the trade licences of registered Asiatics. Greatly improved arrangements for native labour are now being made in the Transvaal, and it is proposed to appoint a protector of natives. Signs of progress are thus

the Anglo-Russian Agreement which has just been concluded at St. Petersburg, dealing with the interests of England and Russia in Central Asia. Another important Treaty is that between Russia and Japan, and not less pleasing is the news that a commercial agreement between France and Canada has been concluded, readjusting trade relations between the two countries. We trust that a genuine and confident friendship will be the result of these mutual understandings, for then great strides will have been made towards securing the peace of the whole world.

The Persian Reform Movement.

The assassination of the Premier of Persia affords a grim illustration of

on the east coast of Finland. The yacht is apparently in no danger, as the Emperor and his family remain on board. The Standart ran upon the rocks, which were submerged at high tide, and remained fast. A steam lifeboat from Reval, on the Gulf of Finland, has arrived upon the scene, and seven torpedo boats, which have been escorting the imperial yacht on its tour in Finnish waters, are standing by to render assistance if needed. It will be remembered that it was on this yacht that the German Emperor met the Czar of Russia recently. The object of the visit, so it is said, being to familiarise the Czar with the methods of the German fleet with a view of modelling his own navy on similar lines.

Aerial Navigation.

An airship has recently been built in England for military purposes, which seems to answer the expectations of its authors. On its trial trip the machine, responding to the movement of the controls and-like rudder, travelled in a wide circle of about two miles in circumference at the rate of five miles an hour. The wind was blowing at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, but the airship rode gently like a vessel in a seaway.

The new airship is a canopy-shaped balloon, about a hundred feet long by thirty feet in diameter, and has a lifting capacity of about a ton. The car is shaped like a boat, built of aluminium and canvas, and carries a crew of three men.

Germany and France are also experimenting successfully with dirigible balloons for purposes of warfare, and so what was once looked upon as a romance's dream, seems likely to become a fact.

The Largest and Swiftest Ship Ever Built.

The huge Cunard steamer "Lusitania" has established a new record for Atlantic passages by crossing from Queenstown to New York in five days and fifty-four minutes. This beats the previous record of the "Lucania" by over six hours. The average speed per hour was twenty-three knots. This feat restores to Great Britain the distinction of possessing the swiftest ships on the ocean. The length of this marine monster is 790 feet, its breadth 88 feet, and its total weight, when ready for sea, with 7000 tons of coal for her boilers on board, is 45,000 tons. The ship is propelled by turbine engines of 70,000 horse power, driving four shafts, each of which carries a three-bladed propeller. She has accommodation undreamed of a few years ago. Telephones run throughout the ship, elevators from deck to deck, and there are rooms with open fire places and windows as in a private house. She carries 2,350 passengers.

I know of but few greater influences that will keep young people right with their friends than to ask them to bring their friends home. They will be very careful about bringing bad friends. Young people have keen perceptions about the characters of others, and they are very anxious to gain the approval of father and mother. The way to encourage bad friendships is to bring friends to the house. See to it that healthy-minded young people are invited to the house.



The Meeting of Czar and Kaiser.

manifest, and we hope soon to see a happy and united South Africa.

An Expensive Possession.

Many American newspapers are expressing themselves in favour of the sale of the Philippines, as at present the Islands are a continual source of trouble and expense to the United States. Since their acquisition they have cost the American people four hundred millions of dollars, and their retention is likely to lead to trouble with Japan. A party of Japanese explorers from Formosa have already raised their national flag over a small island immediately adjoining the Philippines group. The American battleship fleet is making preparations for a voyage to the Pacific, but for what object is not yet known, and an uneasy feeling exists as to the purpose of these movements.

A Longing for Peace.

A great desire for treaties and agreements seems to have taken possession of the nations just at present. One of the most welcome of these is

the tension existing in that country. He was shot down by a member of one of the many secret societies that have sprung up lately, and now spread like a network over the country. These societies are said to be in constant touch with one another, and work harmoniously together to a common end. Their headquarters are situated in the Caucasus, and they are reputed to possess bombs, arms and ammunition for use in case of need. Their efforts are directed against corruption in high places and ignorance in low ones, and at its starting point the movement is well organised, and characterised by a high conception of patriotism. Slowly but surely the reform movement is gaining ground, and it is apparent that Persia is awakening from the sleep of centuries and is about to shake off despotism and high-handed tyranny.

Czar and Kaiser.

News has been received that the Russian Imperial yacht Standart, with Emperor Nicholas and Empress Alexandra and their family aboard, is fast on the rocks off Herce, a point

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

What the Lord Bishop Said.

The Lord Bishop of London recently spoke in the Convocation Hall at Toronto, and in the course of brilliant address, made sympathetic reference to The Salvation Army, and eulogised a speech he once heard Mrs. Booth make in England. He repented the following incident he had heard Mrs. Booth tell. Temperance legislation in Great Britain has deserved that a man convicted of drunkenness, so many times within a given period, shall be known as an habitual drunkard, and his photograph be posted in the public-houses. One man who was thus blacklisted went to no fewer than thirteen public-houses, and found his photograph staring out at

night, while in search of me, she heard I had gone to The Army Hall. She lost no time in making her way to the Hall, and imagine the thrill that went through her on seeing me kneeling at the Penitent-form. I had been utterly broken down in that meeting, and before it closed, salvation came to my poor soul. I rose up, a sobered man. God had taken the desire for the cursed liquor clean away, and I've never touched a drop of strong drink from that day."

A Troubled Man's Question.

As the Officers in charge of Orangeville Corps made their way towards the Hall one night, they noticed their



Part of the Hamilton I., (Bermuda) Soldiers and Comrades.

him in each. After the thirteenth attempt, he decided that it was time for him to go to The Salvation Army and get converted, which he accordingly did.

Only a Match.

As a dear Officer was visiting in a flint district one day, a man, very poorly dressed, came up to her and said, "Sister, I believe in your religion; you are doing a lot of good amongst the poor; I wish it were in my power to help you."

Whilst speaking, he was searching his pockets, but evidently in vain; and as the Officer thanked him for his words of appreciation and was moving on, he produced something that he had succeeded at last in finding.

"Here, sister, take it," he said. "I know it's only a match, but it will light one fire."

Full of a Good Thing.

There are some testimonies occasionally given by our comrades that cause some people to smile, and others to express their disapproval of such language. This is from a man who was a notorious drunkard, but who knelt at the Mercy Seat in an Army Hall on a recent Sunday night. At the following meeting he said: "Friends, last night I was chock full of gin, but to-night I'm chock full of salvation, and I mean to keep full." It was certainly a convincing statement, and described the difference between a converted and unconverted state in very graphic terms.

Suddenly Sobered.

A comrade at one of our Toronto Corps gave a very striking testimony recently. He said: "For over thirty years I have been a Salvationist, but before conversion I was an awful drunkard, and hardly ever at home. One night I thought I would go into The Army Hall, to see what these people were like. My good wife, who was greatly saddened by my drunken habits, frequently went in search of me at the public houses, and other places I frequented, for fear I should come to some dreadful end. One

night, while in search of me, she heard I had gone to The Army Hall.

She lost no time in making her way to the Hall, and imagine the thrill that went through her on seeing me kneeling at the Penitent-form. I had been utterly broken down in that meeting, and before it closed, salvation came to my poor soul. I rose up, a sobered man. God had taken the desire for the cursed liquor clean away, and I've never touched a drop of strong drink from that day."

The report also adds that a woman knelt at the drumhead in the open air one night, and a large crowd gathered round to see a sight that has not been witnessed in Sarnia for twenty years. Five souls also came to Christ on Sunday.

The Commercial and the Baker.

In "En Avant," the French War Cry, the following story is told: A baker and his wife lived very comfortably by means of a little bakehouse and cake shop. They had two sweet children, and were very happy, when suddenly the wife became ill and died. When the man awoke the day after the funeral, and found himself alone with his two little girls, he began to weep despairingly. He knew nothing of the help and consolation of God, and though he continued in business, he lost all his spirits. Seeking to drown his grief in drink, he very soon became a drunkard, and his business suffered very much. One day he received a call from a strange comrade, a traveller, who had "Armes du Salut" round his cap, S's on his collar, and a red jersey on. He offered some goods; they agreed about the price, and so at fixed intervals he was regularly visited by the Salvationist. They got to know each other, and soon the traveller spoke to him about the salvation which he himself had found. Then he got on his knees and prayed for him, and got him to promise to go to some meetings.

One Sunday evening he went, and his soul was deeply touched by the testimonies of the Salvationists. Could it be true that Jesus could in this way make people happy, comfort them and save them? That night he came to the Penitent Form, and a complete change took place in his life. In the district he is now known as the "Salvationist Baker." His

brother-in-law was much struck by his conversion, and he went and got saved; also his wife and daughter. All four are now in uniform, and are members of the Marchioness Corps.

The Story of a Broken-hearted Woman.

An Adjutant was visiting a Corps he had commanded eight years previously, and at the close of one of the meetings a poor, unhappy-looking woman came up and spoke to him. He could not recall her face for the moment, but when she mentioned her name he remembered her as being one of the brightest Soldiers of the Corps when he had been stationed in that town.

Everyone was astonished. "Why, you're just as bad as the rest of us," they exclaimed.

"I used to be," he replied, "but now I have done with it forever, for I got saved at The Army yesterday."

The men were dumbfounded, and went silent on with their work,

much impressed by the bold stand of our new comrade.

The report also adds that a woman knelt at the drumhead in the open air one night, and a large crowd gathered round to see a sight that has not been witnessed in Sarnia for twenty years. Five souls also came to Christ on Sunday.

"Oh, Adjutant," she cried, as big tears rolled down her cheeks, "if I had only listened to your advice and been true to God and The Army, how different my life might have been! But it is too late now."

True, it was too late to alter her temporal destiny, but, thank God, it was not too late for her to return to Christ, and let Him soothe and heal her broken heart, and build up her spiritual character for Eternity.

A Soldier Up a Tree.

It was at a Soldiers' meeting, and an old warrior had risen to his feet to tell how he was getting on in his soul.

"I'm pleased to tell you all that I had one of the best days of my life yesterday," he began. "Some old friends of mine called on me—some I hadn't seen for many years—and I took them off to a tent meeting that was being held near by. One of them had become quite a drunkard, and when an invitation to seek salvation was given, I urged him to go forward. To my great joy, he did so, and properly saved. I've been up a tree in my experiences ever since, and I'm on the tree-top to-night. Hallelujah!"

We have heard of honest saints, but a tree-top Soldier is distinctly good.

A Stand for Righteousness.

One of our military comrades, who appeared at roll-call one night in a Salvation Army jersey, was ordered by his sergeant to take it off. He refused, and was threatened with the



The Regina Corps. (Rossie, Regina.)

guard-room, the sergeant declaring he would not leave him until he obeyed. Feeling that he was committing no breach of discipline, the convert stood firm until the signal for "lights out" was given, and the sergeant was compelled to retire. Before leaving the dormitory, however, the sergeant (a Roman Catholic, by the way) stopped up to our young convert, and seizing his hand, muttered, "Pray for me; I am a great sinner."

A Peculiar Request.

The following unique prayer was once offered by an Army Soldier for a penitent who had come again and again to the Mercy Seat, and who was considered by the majority to be incapable of any desire to reform: "Oh, Lord, if there be the least little spark left in our brother's heart, I pray that You will water it, that it may bring forth fruit." Truly, a very difficult petition to answer.

BOMBAY'S

An Admirer

The news that been obliged to ship of Bombay, Indian Cry to hand over illness of Lord Lamington and fair-minded popular with all.

A publicist has one of those the aristocracyocracy to delight

His Excellency interested in the Army. He grants Commissions. But much interested for helping the

Immediately a signature, Colon (mond), the Resi tary, wired His

To Lord Lamini

"The Salvati

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To which he

replied —

To Salvation A

Secretary :

"My sincere

telegram. I pra

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"NICKY FO

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Credit to the

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The conversion previously known one of the w side. He was and has travelled mixing with On one occasi man who died So terrible was tions were seen agers not to cay circumstances included an champion of handled very other combats he won value conversion. N have frequent from fighting Brother Fox challenges in Drinking and orite pastimes night of his s Seat, he was so sobered and now a credit to

After a year the result of was unable to in the pits, b managers with that they for ment, and to welcomed in Fox, British

BOMBAY'S GOVERNOR

An Admirer of The Salvation Army.

The news that Lord Lamington had been obliged to resign the Governorship of Bombay, says the latest Indian Cry to hand, owing to the serious illness of Lady Lamington, has been received with general regret. Lord Lamington's gracious manner and fair-minded judgment made him popular with all classes of people.

A publicist has said of him:—"He is one of those few men who adorn the aristocracy and teach the democracy to delight in a Gentleman."

His Excellency has always been interested in the work of The Salvation Army. He granted an interview to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, and was much interested in The Army's plans for helping the poor.

Immediately on hearing of the resignation, Colonel Jang Singh (Hammond), the Resident Indian Secretary, wired His Excellency as follows:—

To Lord Lamington, Ganeshkhind:

"The Salvation Army deeply regret necessity of Your Excellency's early departure, and sincerely pray that Lady Lamington's health may be speedily restored."

To which the Governor graciously replied:—

To Salvation Army Resident Indian Secretary:

"My sincere thanks for your kind telegram. I pray your wishes may be realised."

"MICKY FOX," THE MINER.

Once a Prize Fighter and Gambler; Now a Credit to the Uniform of the S. A.

Chopwell, with its five thousand inhabitants, composed chiefly of miners with their wives and families, has witnessed a remarkable spiritual upheaval, since the coming of the Army, in March last.

The conversion of Brother Jim Fox, previously known as "Micky," is one of the wonders of the country-side. He was a noted prize-fighter, and has travelled from town to town, mixing with the worst characters.

On one occasion he fought with a man who died five days afterwards; so terrible was his life that instructions were sent to the colliery managers not to employ "Micky" under any circumstances. His prize fights included an encounter with the champion of Durham, whom he handled very severely, and many other combats, in some of which he won valuable prizes. Since his conversion, North country papers have frequently issued challenges from fighting men anxious to meet Brother Fox in combat, but these challenges have all been tabooed. Drinking and gambling were also favorite pastimes of his, and, upon the night of his surrender at the Mercy Seat, he was the worse for drink. God sobered and saved him, and he is now a credit to the uniform he wears.

After conversion, he found that, as the result of his reckless living, he was unable to undertake heavy work in the pit, but as pleased were the managers with the change in his life, that they found him lighter employment, and to-day, no one is more welcomed in the pit than "Micky" Fox.—British Cry.

The Character of Sin.

By Colonel Brangle.

This is a Striking Description of the Nature and Power of Sin. All Should Read It.

In our sheltered Christian homes and under the protection of laws framed in the light of twenty Christian centuries, we are likely to forget or entirely overlook the malignant character of sin.

People brought up in homes where the Bible is read, and hymns are sung, and the ten Commandments preached, and a blessing asked upon the food, and prayers offered every morning and evening, have little conception of the wilful devilry into which men and women sink, and these good people are liable to be led by their own respectability into a false conception of sin.

What is sin? God says, "Thou shalt not kill? Is it a sin to kill? An intelligent woman poisoned her baby in her home. Was it a sin? No one who knew her considered it so. It was an awful mistake and not a sin, for her will and affections were not malignant, and she was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of the baby.

A little four-year-old child was the first-born pet and darling of its parents, but then another little one was born into the household, and some foolish women—wickedly foolish women—came into that home and said to the four-year-old, "You are not mamma's baby and darling now. Mamma has another baby that she loves." Jealousy was kindled in that little heart, and one day it came to its mother with blood on its little hands, and said, "Now I'm mamma's baby, and now mamma will love her darling," and mamma flew to the infant, only to find its head battered with a hammer by the little four-year-old. That was sin—baby sin—but sin!

Spiritual Leprosy.

At the height of Rome's power and civilization, the Emperor murdered his mother, stamped the life out of his wife and unborn child, and lighted the streets of the city with Christians, whom he had covered with pitch and set on fire. That is sin—in fullgrown. That is not spiritual measles; it is moral and spiritual leprosy.

When I was in Switzerland a few months ago, they told me of a man and woman who threw their new-born child to the pigs. That was sin! Why are we shocked at the bare detail of such a story? It was a common thing in the height of Greek and Roman civilization to expose their children to beasts, and they were expected to destroy the weak baby. Do you say we have outgrown this? Why has China not outgrown it? A lady missionary from China told me that she had asked a Chinese woman if she had ever killed one of her girl babies. The woman replied, "Yes, several of them," and when the missionary asked how she could find it in her heart to do such a hateful thing, the woman laughed. They all do it in China. It is not that we have outgrown China, but we have been lifted out of that terrible darkness and brutality by Pierced Hands. It is the light of the Cross shining upon

us that has made the approval of such deeds impossible amongst us.

Not Merely an Act, But a State of Heart.

But sin is not only an act. It is the state of the heart as well. A professing Christian said to me, "There is pride in my heart and I get angry," and I tried to draw a picture which would show her the sin of pride and anger. Here is Jesus in Pilate's judgment hall. They have spit in His face and crowned Him with thorns, and stripped and tied His hands to His feet, and beaten His bare back till it is bruised and torn and bleeding, and the next morning they have placed the cross upon His shoulders, and, pale and worn with the bitter agony, with the spittle on His face and the blood on His brow. He struggles up the hill under the heavy load. You say, "I am a Christian. I am His follower" and you strut before Him with a haughty head, courting the admiration of men!

And what are you proud of? Your fine lace, the feather in your hat, your plump and rosy cheeks, which will soon pale and wrinkle, and be food for the worms; your bank account, your house, which is better than your poor neighbour's; your good name, which you got from your father or grandfather; or your gifts of mind or voice, which God has bestowed upon you as a talent. Of these things you are proud, and you look down upon your less fortunate neighbour, and in the presence of that Cross-bearer I say your pride is sin—a spiritual leprosy.

But He has reached the top of the hill, and hard soldiers have thrown Him down upon the Cross, and driven the nails through His hands and feet, and, lifting the Cross, have set it in its socket with a terrible thud, adding agony to the suffering victim; and they mock Him, and rob Him of His only suit of clothes, and cast dice for His seamless robe, and He prays, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" And you stand at the foot of the Cross, a professing Christian, His follower, and some man or woman approaches and you frown or step aside, for you are angry with that one. In the presence of that compassionate and forgiving Sufferer on the Cross, I would say your anger is a sin, which cannot be washed out with rose-water. It is moral leprosy. It is a malignant thing.

A Crime Against God.

But sin is a crime against God. If I murder a man I sin against him, and his poor wife, and his helpless children; but they do not punish me; the State punishes me. I have sinned against the State and the whole community. I have broken its laws. I have made a breach in the safeguards which secure the people from crime and danger, and that breach can only be closed by my punishment. Looking at it in this light, we can rise to the vision of sin as a blow against God and His righteous government, and the safeguards He has thrown around His moral creation.

David stole the wife of Uriah the Hittite, and secured the murder of Uriah, but when self-convicted by the story of the Prophet Nathan, he saw that he had sinned against God. Hundreds of years before Joseph had been tempted to commit a similar sin, and he resisted and overcame the temptation, saying, "How, then, can I commit this great sin and wickedness against God?" How could these men say that this sin, which is in a peculiar sense a sin against man, was a sin against God?

Personnalities.

While Commissioner Cadman was in Bathurst, Australia, recently, he received a brotherly visit from Archdeacon Oates, who had read of his reception and meeting and came to extend him a welcome on behalf of his church, and ask if he could conduct a meeting in the afternoon in the jail. Accompanied by the Revs. Hulme and Whean, the Commissioner was met by the Archdeacon and the Governor of the jail. The congregation comprised one hundred and fifty men and thirty women. The Commissioner took for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

While there was restraint, owing to the presence of the Governor and warders, yet, the strain was relaxed considerably, and, whatever the consequences, the whole audience laughed out in merry peals at the humorous saying, and flashes of wit, which caught the men, and struck them as being particularly apt and well-aimed.

Colonel Lindsay of the West Indies, who has been in London for some days, has returned to Kingston.

Mr. Colonel Lindsay, whose health we are sorry to learn, is far from satisfactory, and who accompanied the Colonel to London, will not return with him. She hopes to recruit her health in the Old Land before resuming her place in the West Indian fight. Mrs. Lindsay, it will be remembered, passed through the dreadful earthquake, from the effects of which she is still suffering.

A note from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who is attending the Prison Congress at Chicago, tells us that it is a most influential gathering, and that The Army is well represented in the persons of Commissioner Kilbey and Brigadier Lamb and McMillen, to say nothing of our own genial Joseph—ten thousand apologies, Lieut.-Colonel. Our comrade conducted the meetings at Chicago I., on Sunday. We understand they were very successful. Dr. Gilmour, the Warden of the Central Prison, Toronto, was present, and was most outspoken in his commendation of The Army's Prison Work in Canada.

A high-caste Hindoo lad, and a Mohammedan, who was formerly a teacher in Persian and Arabic in his native town, have been recently converted and taken into the Training Home on account of the severe persecution to which they have been subjected since first accepting Christ as their own personal Saviour. Another Mohammedan has been forsaken by his wife and family since he joined The Salvation Army.

A number of good cases of conversion among the military of the Hill Station at Dagshai, have recently been reported.

THE WAR CRY.

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GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.

Lieutenant Julian Cunningham to be Captain.
Lieutenant Lizzie Dave to be Captain.
Lieutenant Thomas Scott to be Captain.
Lieutenant Fred Rutherford to be Captain.
Lieutenant Benjamin Peckham to be Captain.
Lieutenant George Carey to be Captain.
Pro-Lieutenant John Dobney to be Pro-Captain.
Pro-Lieutenant Walter Murdock to be Pro-Captain.
Pro-Lieutenant Luu Large to be Pro-Captain.
Cadet Josephine Barry to be Pro-Lieutenant, at St. John's Hill.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

DEVOTION TO A CAUSE.

A startling insight into the state of unrest that still prevails in Russia, has been afforded by the arrest of a young girl, who is accused of attempting to blow up the offices of the secret police at St. Petersburg. The method of carrying out this fell design is dreadful in its recklessness. It was planned that this young woman should become a "walking bomb." She should wear the uniform of the police, lined with wads of gun-cotton, and carrying powerful bombs, and by blowing herself up, reduce the building to ruins and kill all the officers of the Staff.

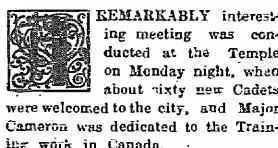
No matter how greatly one deplores the political condition of the country, or the methods adopted by a section of the nation to cure their ills, it is impossible not to admire, and wonder at the sublime devotion to a purpose that would enable a young woman to so steel herself against the weaknesses of her sex, as to be willing to undergo such a terrible death in order to wreak vengeance, or to bring in a better day. It is a great example to all who profess to be followers of Christ. It is this not counting their lives dear to them that makes these plotters formidable to the authorities, and it is similar self-abnegation and devotion to the cause of the Kingdom of Christ, that will make the Salvationist a terror to evil doers, and bring the world to Christ.

AN EXAMPLE.

Elsewhere in this issue there is an interesting article which shows the spirit of devotion and of sacrifice that have animated a number of our young men and women, which has brought them to the Training College and will send them out into the towns and cities, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to people who are fettered and harried by all manner of evil habits, or else are become so worldly-minded that God and his righteousness have no place in their thoughts. People whose whole hor-

Welcome to New Cadets.

The Commissioner Installs Major Cameron — Colonel Lamb Speaks.



REMARKABLY interesting meeting was conducted at the Temple on Monday night, when about sixty new Cadets were welcomed to the city, and Major Cameron was dedicated to the Training work in Canada.

The young Cadets, as they occupied the platform, resounding and clean-limbed, tanned with the suns of the North-west and the ozone-laden breezes of the Maritime Provinces, presented a goodly appearance. The lasses, though outnumbered by the lads, fully matched them in smartness and enthusiasm.

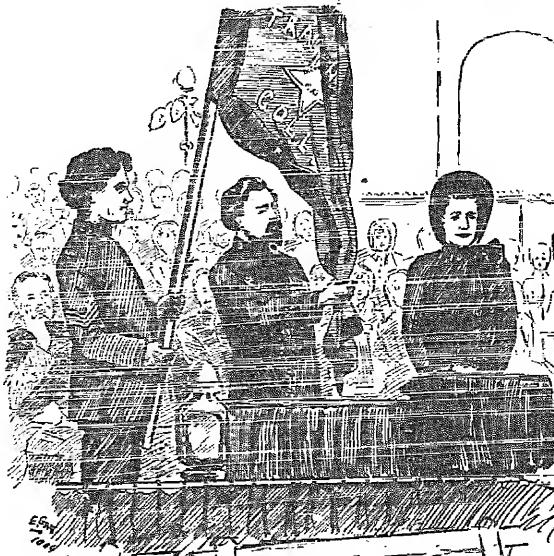
The preliminaries were conducted

Commissioner hoped that soon the Toronto Training College would be able to accommodate twice as many as at present.

After the Chief Secretary had saluted the song with chorus, "I can, I do believe in Thee," the Commissioner called upon a few representative speakers to extend a welcome to the new arrivals, Captain McFetrick, of Lisgar Street Corps, leading the way, which he did in a very neat little speech.

A Tribute.

Captain Coombs gave some touching reminiscences concerning Major Cameron. The Major was her Corps



The Commissioner Dedicating Major Cameron Under The Army Flag.

by the Chief Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Sowton and Mrs. Brigadier Taylor prayed.

Distinguished Strangers.

The Commissioner, in stating the character of the meeting, remarked that we were fortunate in having so many strangers present, there being Colonel Lamb, Major Cameron, and the new Cadets. Referring to the Emigration chief, the Commissioner informed him that Canada had a warm welcome for all who loved God and loved hard work.

Major Cameron, continued the Commissioner, had for a number of years been connected with the training of women Officers at the International Training Homes, where she sometimes had as many as three hundred women under her at one time. The

izon is bounded by the idea of "I will pull down my barns and build greater." But while those who thus manifest the spirit of noble devotion are few; those of Canada's sons and daughters who are lovers of pleasure are many, and we call aloud to all the young men and women to be found in our Corps to come to the help of the Lord against the many.

Officer when her name was transferred from the Juniors' to the Seniors' roll. She was also her Officer in the Training Home when the Captain was being trained for officership. The Captain paid a glowing tribute to the Major's devotion and faithfulness.

Colonel Lamb, who was most heartily received, then addressed the meeting, and gave an impressive warning to those present against allowing worldly prosperity to lead them into materialism and neglect God, and reminded them that righteousness, not dollars, exalts a nation.

The Chief Secretary followed, and made a stirring speech, after which Brigadier Taylor, in a most warm-hearted manner, welcomed Major Cameron to assist him in the work of training the Cadets.

Shall a Russian revolutionary be more in earnest in fighting a wronged nation, than the Salvationist in helping God to right a wronged world? Shall the children of darkness be more devoted than the children of light? Let it not be so; but young men, young women obey the call and apply for Officership in The Salvation Army.

Pleasant Recollections.

This brought us to the Commissioner's address. He reminded us that thirty-two years ago it was the height of his ambition to be a Lieutenant in The Salvation Army, and that never did his dream he would occupy such a position of usefulness as was his proud lot that day. He also drew a striking picture of The General, who, when visiting the Corps where our Commissioner was a Soldier, was conducted by him to visit the Soldiers of the Corps, but now The General visited Kings and Emperors, nevertheless his love was as ardent as ever for the lowly Salvationist. In this way were the new Cadets shown what positions of honor and usefulness lay before them, if they were only faithful to their high calling and exalted privileges.

The Commissioner then called upon the Cadets to stand, and in a most solemn manner handed them into the charge of the Principal of the Training College.

The next item of this most interesting meeting was the dedication of Major Cameron to Training work.

The Dedication.

Under the Flag, the Commissioner, in solemn words and impressive accents, charged the Major to be true to the principles embodied in the grand old colours under which she stood.

There was serious purpose and high resolve depicted in the Major's face as she listened to the words of our commander, and renounced her solemn responsibilities.

These impressions were intensified as we listened to her thrilling words of reply. That her soul was stirred by the holy emotion of the hour was evidenced by tones, word and gesture. The Major gave a very effective address, and produced a great impression.

The Colonel, in the absence of the Commissioner, drew in the net, and six were found at the Mercy Seat.

It was a very blessed meeting.

Headquarters Notes

By I. O.

These notes are being written just on the eve of our beloved General's visit. Cablegrams to hand from I.H.Q., as well as notices that have appeared in the Toronto papers, inform us that The General started on his journey in good health and excellent spirits, full of expectations for a glorious Campaign in the Maritime Provinces and in the United States. May his expectations be more than fulfilled, and a mighty wave of Salvation follow as a result.

The welcome meeting for the new Cadets and the installation of Major Cameron, brought together a splendid crowd at the Temple on Monday night, and after several Officers had spoken a few words of welcome the Commissioner delivered the charge to the Cadets and dedicated the Major to her new work under the Flag. We prophesy for Major Cameron a successful and blessed future in the "Land of the Maple Leaf."

The Commissioner had to leave the meeting before it was quite finished, in order to catch the night train for

the east, and after business on the way to meet The General Commissioner is ex-T.H.Q. again at the

Colonel Lamb, the migration Department been a welcome visit. The Colonel is Salvationist, who has served in branches of the world Canada on important business, connected season. The Colonel the Commissioner's day evening, and that he made on a very much appreciated the Commissioner where they will have differences with The migration matters, and probably be returning about three weeks t

The Chief Secretary his first visit to St. the time these lines order to be present meetings in this im his return he will visit Tweed, where he important week-end by the Territorial St

Arrangements have the way, by which is possible for the Staff sent at The General Maritime Provinces visiting several Canada. This is the Band has taken such their presence will great help to The G while their musical ings held on routes to encouragement to the

After The General Fall Councils, or perhaps correct, I ought to be held from October for which preparations in hand. The Mass has been secured for our Monday, October occasion the Commemorate Brigadier and their family. It will also be a highlight in the meeting, which helps to make it attractive and interesting that The Army, Toronto.

Yorkville Corps is of its own at last delays, building a last been commenced, and it is hoped of few weeks, the opportunity of moving barracks and feel the a settled place in which God bless them, and victories.

This is the last to vide these notes, the Chief Secretary column. Hallelujah some very interesting forthcoming.

us to the Commissioner. He reminded us years ago it was the ambition to be a Lieutenant in the Salvation Army, and he dreamt he would be in command of a corps and lot that day. He was a young picture of The General visiting the Corps. The Commissioner was a Soldier, selected by him to visit the Corps, but now he is a General. His love was as for the lowly Salvationists, but now he loves the new and what positions of greatness lay before them, and he is still as faithful to their exalted privileges.

Colonel Lamb, the chief of the Emigration Department in England, has been a welcome visitor at T.H.Q. this week. The Colonel is an old and tried Salvationist, who has done very successful service in many important branches of the work, and is now in Canada on important Emigration business, connected with the coming season. The Colonel was present at the Commissioner's meeting on Monday evening, and the short address that he made on this occasion was very much appreciated. He accompanied the Commissioner to the East, where they will have important conferences with The General on Emigration matters, and the Colonel will probably be returning to England in about three weeks' time.

The Chief Secretary will have paid his first visit to St. John, N.B., by the time these lines are in print, in order to be present at The General's meetings in this important city. On his return he will visit Smith's Falls, and Tweed, where he will conduct important week-end meetings, assisted by the Territorial Staff Band.

Arrangements have been made, by the way, by which it has been found possible for the Staff Band to be present at The General's meetings in the Maritime Provinces, and they are visiting several Corps on the way back. This is the first time that the Band has taken such a long trip, and their presence will doubtless be a great help to The General's meetings, while their musical and other meetings held en route will be a great encouragement to the Corps visited.

After The General's visit come the Fall Councils, or perhaps, to be more correct, I ought to say Congress—to be held from October 9th to the 14th, for which preparations are now well in hand. The Massey Music Hall has been secured for a great meeting on Monday, October 14th, on which occasion the Commissioner will conduct a Memorial Service for departed comrades, and, at the same time, dedicate Brigadier and Mrs. Horn and their family for India. There will also be highlight and other features in the meeting, which will doubtless help to make it one of the most attractive and interesting of its kind that The Army has yet held in Toronto.

Yorkville Corps is to have a building of its own at last, for, after several delays, building operations have at last been commenced on a good location, and it is hoped, in the course of a few weeks, the tried and true comrades of Yorkville will have the opportunity of moving into their own barracks and feel that they have again a settled place in which to dwell. May God bless them, and give them mighty victories.

This is the last time J.C. will provide these notes, for next week the Chief Secretary will supply the column. Hallelujah! I understand some very interesting news will be forthcoming.

A Chat with Colonel Lamb.

TEN CHARTERED SHIPS AND 20,000 IMMIGRANTS NEXT YEAR.



Colonel Lamb.



MONGST the recent visitors at Territorial Headquarters was Colonel Lamb, the head of The Army Emigration work in London, who is on a visit to Canada in connection with the next season's developments. He arrived late on Saturday afternoon, and left Toronto again on Monday night in company with the Commissioner, to meet The General and confer with him on several important matters. The Colonel, however, was in Toronto long enough to deliver a speech in the Temple, and to relate some very interesting facts concerning emigration to a War Cry interviewer.

Ten Chartered Ships.

For instance, we learned that no fewer than ten steamers have been chartered for the next season, eight of which will sail from Liverpool, and two from Glasgow.

To us there is striking evidence of development in that fact, for we well remember the great interest that was taken, a few years ago, in the sailing of the first chartered ship, and what an evidence of enterprise that was thought to be. Now the chartering of ten ships was referred to as a common-place fact.

In reply to a question as to the number of emigrants Canada would receive next year through The Salvation Army, the Colonel said: "We are expecting that fully twenty thousand will be transported through us, and if money and ships were available, we could send fully as many more."

"Our first ship load next year will be destined for British Columbia. We expect to charter three or more trains at Quebec, and rush the whole party across the continent. We shall conduct them, and contract for their food, on the cars, etc. In fact, we shall personally conduct them from Liverpool to British Columbia. These

"In very good condition, indeed. Your Commissioner is very much interested in peopling Canada with the right sort, and he takes care that the organization is smooth-working and efficient. I may say that at Quebec there is marked improvement in the facilities for immigration work afforded by the Government, although, of course, much yet remains to be done. Our offices there afford a great field for study. The questions that the poor simple people ask are many and varied. One dear woman was heard making earnest enquiries as to where she should go to change dollar bills into money."

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS

Foreign Office Changes—International Training Homes—National Headquarters.

We are now in a position to state that The General has appointed Commissioner Howard to succeed Commissioner Booth-Tucker as Foreign Secretary of The Army. The Commissioner will bring to his new appointment a large experience, as he filled a similar position at International Headquarters some time ago, and while, no doubt, many comrades and friends will regret his removal from the International Training Homes, where his work has been highly appreciated and greatly blessed of God, on the other hand his return to the chief position in the Foreign Office will be warmly welcomed by Officers in all parts of the world, and will be a great help to the Chief of the Staff, to whom Commissioner Booth-Tucker's appointment to India has involved a great loss.

The Commissioner will continue in his present position at the Training Homes until the close of the present Session. Especially important matters will be referred to him in the interval, under the Chief's direction, and he will (D.V.) go into full harness at International Headquarters in the early days of November.

We hope before then to announce the name of his successor at Clapton.

A further interesting change is taking place in the Foreign Office. Lieutenant-Colonel Mapp, who for nearly eight years has rendered valuable and able service in various capacities, and latterly as Second Assistant Foreign Secretary, is receiving an important appointment on the Staff of the National Headquarters, of which we shall give particulars later, where we feel sure he will receive a warm welcome from all parts of the British Field.

Lieut.-Colonel Gilmour is appointed to the Foreign Office as Under Foreign Secretary. The appointment of Colonel Gilmour will be widely appreciated in the Colonies. His experience of Colonial Work has been very extensive, and he will bring to the Office very valuable knowledge, especially of The Army's work in Australia and New Zealand. With Commissioner Howard as Foreign Secretary, and Colonel Higgins and Lieut.-Colonel Gilmour as Assistant Under Foreign Secretaries respectively, the Foreign affairs of The Army should have the very best attention.

Colonel Kyle, whose health recently broke down in Canada, necessitating (Continued on page 11.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

THE BATTLE IS STILL RAGING.

Victory is on the Lord's Side. His People are Winning.

THE P. O. MAKES SOME CALLS.

Souls are Being Saved.

Lieut.-Colonel Rees, the Provincial Commander for Newfoundland, has been visiting some of his smaller Corps. On Sept. 1st the Lieut.-Colonel took the meetings at St. John's (1). At night Capt. Wiseman was also present, and after a good day's fight, one soul found Christ.

St. John's (2) also received a flying visit, and in the night meeting six souls gave God their hearts. On Monday the Cadets had the meeting, and two young men found salvation.

At Botwoodville, the Lieutenant-Colonel was received with great enthusiasm. Ensign Brace, the Divisional Officer, was also present. The Lieut.-Colonel sang some Welsh songs and everyone was delighted. He also lectured at Norris Arm, one of the outposts; a visit which the people enjoyed.

Some needed repairs to the Quarries have now been accomplished, and on the whole, The Army's work in this part of the Province is in good condition.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Varied by Electric Club Swinging.

A very interesting special service was given at Dartmouth on September 10th. The Halifax 1. Band rendered a splendid programme of music and some excellent singing was heard. The chief event of the evening however, was the electric club swinging by Mr. Griffiths.—Bandsman Holland.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. McLean recently opened our New Barracks at Gurney Falls. On Saturday he lectured before a good crowd, and on Sunday four souls found salvation. On Monday we held a Social, together with a programme of vocal and instrumental music. Captain Wadge, of North Bay, and Adjutant McCann, of Sudbury, were also present.—Captain Duckworth and Lieutenant Lewis.

On Wednesday last we had another Hallelujah wedding at Dovercourt. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire united Brother Lowry and Sister Cash under the Blood and Fire Flag. They were ably supported by Brother and Sister Walker. On Sunday we were visited by Treasurer Harbord, of Ottawa, and Brother Tait, from Montreal. They were also accompanied by several other comrades.

Grand week-end meetings at Esther Street. Converts are getting in fighting trim. On Sunday Candidate Rowe farewelled for the Training College. At night seven souls also farewelled from the broad road, and started on the Heavenly way.—J.H.B.

Last Sunday several comrades from the Toronto Corps visited us at Swanses. Two young men and one woman came to the Mercy-seat.—M.M.

A SPECIAL CAMPAIGN.

(By Wire).

A three-day special Campaign has been held at Brackbridge, Lieut.-Col. Sharp and the D.O., Staff-Captain McLean, lending on. The open-air created special interest, and in the Sunday morning's Holiness meeting three sought the blessing of a clean heart. At night we had a crowded house, and several sinners cried to God for mercy. On Monday afternoon the Councils and tea brought the Officers from the surrounding Corps, and at the evening meeting God's Spirit was manifest, and for week-end we had nine souls in all.—Adjutant Hyde, C.O.

THE MAYOR PRESIDES.

Big Time at Glace Bay.

On Sunday and Monday, Sept. 1st and 2nd, Glace Bay was visited by the P.O., Brigadier Turner, and our new D.O.'s, Major and Mrs. Morehen. Big times were realized all day, and at night five souls knelt at the Cross. On Monday Officers' Councils were held, after which Major and Mrs. Morehen were accorded a public welcome by Mayor Burrell and crowds of the town's people. His Worship spoke very warmly of our work, and on behalf of the magistrates and councillors of the town, gave them a hearty welcome to Glace Bay, and promised to help us in any way within his power. On Monday night a great Musical Blizzard was given by the Glace Bay and New Aberdeen Bands united, led by our own Bandmaster. A splendid programme was rendered. Come again, dear comrades.

SOME INTERESTING SERVICES.

Many Hearts Touched.

Major and Mrs. Morris was with us at St. John's (1) recently, and we had a blessed day to our souls. Large crowds attended the meetings. Our Band rendered excellent services. On Monday Ensign Mercer gave us a good talk, and two souls found pardon. Another came forward on Tuesday. An interesting 'Rescue' Drama was given on Thursday, under the direction of Mrs. Adjutant Payne. On the following Sunday Adjutant Smith gave a very interesting service, entitled, "Lights along the Shore," that touched many hearts, and resulted in the surrender of one soul.

Staff-Captain McLean paid his first Divisional visit to Lindsay this weekend. He received a hearty welcome.

On Saturday evening two souls knelt for pardon, and on Sunday morning four came out for the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon the Staff-Captain enrolled several recruits, and during the evening service the members of the Band received their commissions. We rejoiced at the close over eight souls at the Cross.—E. R.

PICNIC AND FAREWELL.

Salvation Kept to the Front.

The work at Halifax 1. is progressing favourably under the leadership of Ensign and Mrs. Hudson. On Labour Day we held our Annual Picnic, and a large party sailed up Bedford Basin on the S.S. "Mahone" to Prince's Lodge, where a very pleasant time was spent. During the afternoon Salvation Meeting was held on the ground, in which Envoy Veijot and Gerow took part. On Sunday night Cadet Evelyn Stewart farewelled for the Training College. Several Officers and Soldiers spoke encouraging words in bidding her good-bye, and at the close four souls knelt at the Mercy-seat.

WOMEN HOLD THE FORT.

Men are Away at the Banks.

Things are looking bright at Fortune. The converts are keeping saved, and as a Corps God is richly blessing us. Lieutenant Aeb is doing nobly with the school and meetings. The meetings are good and well attended. Most of our men Soldiers are away to the Banks, but the women held the fort in their absence. On Wednesday we had a visit from our D.O., accompanied by Captain Tuck, now stationed at Lameth. On August 29th we held our Annual Picnic, which was enjoyed by old and young alike. On Sunday night one backsider returned to the fold.—L.

During the past week at Lethbridge, we have had four souls, one of whom was an accomplished cornetist, and another a ticket-of-leave man.

On Labour Day we held three open-air and two inside meetings. One soul came forward at night. On Sept. 4th, we gave a social evening, with vocal and instrumental music, etc. The proceeds, which amounted to \$40.00, went to help the Band Fund.—Le Roi.

The meetings at Brackbridge on Sunday were good. Adjutant Hyde is making things lively. Adjutant Howell, who is on rest in this city, was present at the meeting on Sunday night, in which three souls returned to God. Lieut. Roberts.

Wetaskiwin is going on finely. On Sunday a young man sat in the meeting deeply convicted, but would not yield. On Tuesday, however, he came to the Quarters, and the Captain had the joy of pointing him to Christ. He afterwards testified.

At Moose Jaw a poor drunkard came to one of our meetings, and, as an evidence of his desire to do right, gave a bottle of whisky to a comrade. On Sunday night two souls sought Christ. Cadet Johnston, on his way to the Training College was with us.—F. J. G.

Grockville was taken by surprise when Brigadier Hargrave, the Provincial Officer, put in an appearance here. We had some good times, however. Saturday a backsider cried to God for mercy and forgiveness for the past.—Corps Cor.

TWENTY-SIX SOULS SAVED.

Grand Times were Realized.

On Tuesday night, at the Soldiers' Meeting, five strangers came into the Hall, and found the Saviour, at Brantford. On Thursday two more surrendered to God, and one confessed that the night previous God had so taken hold of him that he had to get out of bed and pray for mercy. On Saturday night two people followed us from the open-air and got converted inside the Barracks. A Presbyterian minister was in the meeting, and spoke very warmly of our work. On Sunday Captain Mater assisted, and at the night meeting 17 souls gave their hearts to God. The Captain gave his Lantern Lecture, entitled, "For the Master's sake," to a crowded Hall. Brother Barwell and Sister F. Cooper farewelled for the Training College on Sunday night.—Corps Cor.

LIFE'S RECORD.

Officer Uses Gramophone as Illustration.

The Annual Picnic of the Arnold's Cove Corps was held on August 21st, and was enjoyed by all. We had an enjoyable meeting in the Barracks afterwards, and Adjutant Hiscock gave us a treat with the gramophone. The Adjutant then spoke on "The Record of Life," and made a deep impression on many.—Lieut. Stickland.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

Officers' Addresses Greatly impress the People.

Ensign and Mrs. Baird have been heartily welcomed to Simcoe. On Sunday the Ensign gave some heart-searching addresses, and Mrs. Baird spoke eloquently in the afternoon. After a glorious day's fighting, we finished up with one soul at the Cross. On Monday the Juniors welcomed the new Officers in rousing style, and were treated to an address on Joseph's dream, which they could easily understand.—A.J.S.

Sunday was indeed a blessed day at Charlottetown, N.B. We let down the net at night, full of faith, and we captured six precious souls. A little boy led the way. On Friday night four more souls found salvation. Ten souls for the week-end in all. Glory!—S.N.H., Captain.

We have welcomed to Newcastle, M.B., Captain and Mrs. Cavernd, as our new C. O.'s, our last Officer being Ensign Anderson, who performed the sad duty of burying our Sergeant-Major, Brother W. Board. The call came suddenly to him while compearing on his train at Charl. We are battling in the forefront, and souls are being saved.—War Correspondent.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner, from St. John, were with us at Woodstock, N.B., for the week ending September 8th. The Barracks was packed all day Sunday, and in the afternoon the Brigadier dedicated our New Flag and enrolled five new Soldiers. The backsider was brought back to the fold.—Sunny Jim.

PRAYING ALL NIGHT.

Enthusiastic Farewell of C.

At Regina, last Thursday our Officer decided to follow meeting with an all night. This was done, and Officer and comrades stayed right with it o'clock the following morning who had been deeply undernourished, happened to be passing about three o'clock, and listless. One of the comrades him, and invited him in. He was prayed with, and at the victory.

The following Sunday even candidates Brighton and Gould led the meeting, farewelled Training College. Both our comrades have been converted to God in mid-ocean while en route to Canada. As a result of this, four made their way to Lent Form. The following Officer and Candidates spent a pleasant evening at the farewells.

The Soldiers' meeting on Sunday was a record one, no fewer than thirty being present. After the service, we had a surprise spruce in the shape of coffee and cream handed around. Our Band in a reminiscent mood, and to early struggles of the Corps. The edification of the "greenhorns" we closed a most pleasant by joining hands and singing old favourite, "I'll be true to Thee," after which the Sergeant-Major invoked God's blessing on our Candidates. New Soldiers springing up to take their E. B.

At Gananoque our ranks are increasing. On Sunday night we had a service from the Old Land of Jesus. A week ago a young man gloriously saved in his own and is doing well. Captain Owen are leading us on.—C.

We had a very enjoyable Ossipee on Labour Day. Oldford and a number of from Napanee came along on Sunday, and roused the people speaking.—Lieut. Torrance, Mercer.

Recently we had a visit from some of the converts in the Wadham Island grounds during the summer months. The meetings all good, and at night three souls were saved. The meetings are for a mighty revival.—Lieut. Tilley.

God has been saving in Victoria, and some fresh converts seen in the march and on form. Three came forward day. We have many good friends here, who count it to help in the prayer meetings. God bless them!—

On Sunday night last Major Watkinson and Graves farewelled for the Training College. As our Corps is not very large, and as these comrades have held important therein, we shall miss the more.—J. M. McCann, Adj.

THE WAR CRY.

PRAYING ALL NIGHT.

Enthusiastic Farewell of Candidates.

At Regis, last Thursday evening, our Officer decided to follow up the meeting with an all night of prayer. This was done, and Officers and comrades stayed right with it till five o'clock the following morning. A man who had been deeply under conviction, happened to be passing the Hall about three o'clock, and listened outside. One of the comrades noticed him, and invited him inside. He was prayed with, and at last got the victory.

The following Sunday evening Candidates Brighton and Goodhew, who led the meeting, farewelled for the Training College. Both our departing comrades have been converted some time, the latter having given his heart to God in mid-ocean while on his way to Canada. As a result of the meeting, four made their way to the Remnant Form. The following day the Officer and Candidates spent a very pleasant evening at the home of one Sergeant-Major.

The Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday was a record one, no fewer than thirty being present. After a blessed time, we had a surprise sprung on us, in the shape of coffee and cake being handed around. Our Bandmaster was in reminiscent mood, and told of the early struggles of the Corps, for the edification of the "greenhorns," and we closed a most pleasant evening by joining hands and singing the old favourite, "I'll be true Lord, to Thee," after which the Sergeant-Major invoked God's blessing on our parting Candidates. New Soldiers are springing up to take their places.—E.B.

At Gananoque our ranks are increasing. On Sunday night a backslider from the Old Land came to Jesus. A week ago a young man got gloriously saved in his own bed-room and is doing well. Captain and Mrs. Owen are leading us on.—Corps Cor.

We had a very enjoyable time at Darrowton on Labour Day. Captain Oldford and a number of comrades from Nag-nee came along early in the day, and roused the people by their speaking.—Lieut. Torrance, for Capt. McLean.

Recently we had a visit at Doting Cove from some of the comrades who are in the Wadum Island fishing grounds during the summer. It did us good to hear their glowing testimonies. The meetings all day were good, and at night three souls found liberty. The comrades are believing for a mighty revival.—Lieut. French, for Captain Tilley.

God has been saving in our midst at Victoria, and some fresh faces are seen in the march and on the platform. Three came forward last Sunday. We have many good Christian friends here, who count it a pleasure to help in the prayer meetings or go fishing. God bless them!—A.E.T.

On Sunday night last Sergeant-Major Watkinson and Secretary Graves farewelled for the Training College. As our Corps at Sudbury is not very large, and as these two comrades have held important positions therein, we shall miss them all the more.—J. M. McCann, Adj't.

GAME IN OFF THE STREET.

Went Straight to Penitent-form.

Much of God's power was manifested at our Sunday meetings at Pitley's Island. Whilst our Captain was inviting sinners to come forward in the night meeting four young men who were outside the building came right from the street to the Penitent-form. Two more came forward shortly afterwards, also a sister. Six were truly converted, and are still trusting God. One dear brother failed to find peace, but we pray that God will yet bring him to fully trust His power to save.—Lieut. Moulton.

An invitation was given at Moose Jaw, in one of our recent meetings, for any sinner to rise and give his testimony as to what pleasure there was, and what was the outcome of serving the devil. Not one, of course, could stand. One, however, gave up his sin, and found pardon. Ensign and Mrs. Habibkirk have been compelled to go on a short furlough on account of their health.—F.J.G.

The work is going on well at Midland. The Soldiers are getting into uniform, differences have been straightened out, and the tobacco devil is being chased away. The spiritual outlook is brighter than it has been for a long time. Last weekend the attendances and finances were very good, and three souls plunged in the fountain, one a backslider.—A.J. Craig

Real Hallelujah times were experienced last Sunday at New Glasgow, N.S., and the day's fight wound up with three souls in the fountain.

Adjutant and Mrs. Cooper were with us for a week-end recently, also Ensign and Mrs. Pearcey. On Labour Day, we held a Picnic, together with the Juniors, and Stellarton and Westville Corps united at Loch Broom. The Westville Band furnished some good music during the pleasant time spent there, and everybody arrived home safely, tired but happy.—G. S. W. C. C.

We have had several specials with us recently at Halifax H. Captain Morris was among the first, and we had five souls as a result of his visit. Sergeant-Major Smith next came along for a Sunday, and we also had Capt. Turner with us, their meetings being much enjoyed. The Harvest Festival and The General's visit are the chief topics in town at present.—H. B. S. C.

Our Divisional Officers received a great welcome at Gravenhurst. A musical meeting had been previously arranged and soon everybody was on good terms with themselves and the Staff-Captain. We enjoyed Mrs. McLean's talk on "Religion of the heart." Come again, Staff-Captain.—Fitz.

We have had some good times at Saskatoon. On Thursday one soul came out for pardon, and on Sunday night we rejoiced over the return of three backsliders. Brother Todd left us on Monday for the Training College.—C.H.

We have had a week-end of blessing at Ridgetown. Our cottage prayer meetings are keeping up nicely, and prove a great blessing to all. Captain and Mrs. Sharp are leading us on.—J.P.

THE HALLELUJAH SPIRIT.

Converts are Becoming Aggressive Fighters.

We are having good times at Guelph, and God is manifesting His power. The Soldiers are all on fire and their happy, smiling faces and powerful testimonies are doing much to smash up the devil's kingdom. Sinners and backsliders are coming home to God. Our converts are showing an aggressive spirit and taking every opportunity to speak, sing or pray. The meetings are crowded and the whole place is filled with the Hallelujah spirit. Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Proudlove are on the bridge, directing the operations with glorious success and a mighty work is being accomplished.

Captain Henderson, from Hamilton, and Brothers Churchill and Mason were with us for the week-end. On Thursday Captain Matier gave a Linelight service.—James Ryder.

Successful week-end meetings at Montreal L. Nine souls came forward for pardon and holiness.

Cadet Cunningham farewelled for the Training Home, and Ensign Brastow, who is leaving the Provincial Headquarters, assisted at the Sunday's meetings.

The Band is improving in every way and is of great service to the Corps.—Bonjour.

On Sunday last, at Riverdale, Brigadier Collier and Envoy Hunter led the meetings. The Envoy, who is returning to England, gave some reminiscences of thirty years of salvation warfare. Four souls came to the Mercy Seat. At night the Hall was packed, and after the Envoy's powerful salvation address, fifteen souls cried for pardon, of whom three volunteered while the Doxology was being sung, thus making the glorious total of nineteen souls for the day.—J. E. D.

We have just had a visit at Black Island from Adjutant Ogilvie, our D.O., accompanied by Lieut. Parker of Coite's Island. Good crowds attended the meetings, and the following night we visited Saugan's Island, where another good meeting was held. They then went on to Farmer's Arm, and had a beautiful time.—H. Wilson.

We had Captain Ash with us at Summerside, P.E.I., recently, and his Lantern Service was much appreciated. On Sunday, September 4th, our Captain went up to Aberton and conducted the meetings; the Sergeant-Major and his wife have also gone away for a short time. We are looking forward to a visit from Brigadier Turner and Major Morehen next week-end.—Ava Wilson, Drummer.

The Jones Sisters have been at Thedford for eighteen days and during that time some very good meetings were held. The crowds were excellent and finances good. Though many were convicted of sin, only two would yield to the strivings of the Spirit.

Adjutant and Mrs. Knight conducted the meetings all day on Sunday at Digby. Two souls found pardon in the night meeting. The comrades are doing well in the Harvest Festival effort.—Lieut. W. Barr.

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS

(Continued from page 9.)

his removal from the important appointment he held there, is appointed Secretary for Young People's affairs in the United Kingdom. The important appointment with which The General is now entrusting the Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, is one for which they are in many ways admirably suited. We believe they will receive a hearty welcome from the Young People and the Officers throughout the country. Brigadier Spooner will remain Colonel Kyle's Chief Assistant.

Colonel Rotwell, who has worked hard in the position of Y.P. Secretary, takes the Candidates' Work for the whole country. This is one of the most difficult appointments at the National Headquarters; but the Colonel brings to it a very long experience, a quick discernment of character and the courage to deal with the varying conditions which constantly arise.

God bless all these, our leaders, according to His riches of grace and power!

ITEMS FROM INDIA.

Brigadier Sammaweeera states that eight new conversions took place during June at the Moratunnaura corps H. Some of these converts, the Brigadier says, have been staunch Buddhists.

A friend from the Matala District has invited the Army to start operations there, and has promised to give substantial assistance towards the support of two officers.

Last month Mrs. Esther Rajapakse, the wife of the Sergeant-Major of Talampitiya H., was promoted to Glory. The D. O. being away at the time, on a week's special tour, the Sergeant-Major called to the I. H. Q. to despatch the Field Secretary to conduct the funeral service, and the F. S. was accordingly sent.

The Sergeant-Major, who is a devoted and faithful salvationist of twenty-four years' standing, had promised to put up at his own expense, a new bazaar at No. H., to the sacred memory of his beloved wife.

Though the results of the recent Backsliders' Campaign are not to hand, is most gratifying to hear that up to now, the returns show the winning of some 3,073 souls. This will still be greatly increased when the number from Narad and Camby Districts is added.

Staff-Captain Hay and his wife were with us at Stratford September 7th and 8th, and God made their visit a blessing to all. One soul sought Salvation. Saturday night the Staff-Captain presented the Long Service Badges to a number of the comrades, the longest period being 21 years' service by Bro. W. Rata. On Sunday afternoon three comrades were enthroned under the flag.—E.C.

We welcomed to Cobourg for the week-end Deputy Bandmaster Darling, Band-man Cowan, and Bandman and Mrs. Horton, from Peterboro. Good crowds attended the meetings, and the singing and playing of our comrades was much appreciated by the people.—Corps Cor., for Captain and Mrs. Smith.

Where Poison Haunts Man's Daily Work.

The Heavy Toll in Human Life and Health That Many of Our Great Modern Industries Exact from Their Workers.

MODERN Science, in the service of modern industry, has set itself the task of developing the "natural resources" of the earth (says a writer in *Munsey's*). Some of these resources, like coal or stone, are comparatively simple and harmless; others, like lead and phosphorus and arsenic, are fraught with great danger to the men who handle them; but all are needed by modern industry.

Copper colic, butter's shakers, diver's paralysis, shoemaker's chisel, miller's itch, hammerman's pulse, potter's rot, shoddy fever—with these names, and many others, modern medicine tries to catch up with modern industry, the doctor endeavours to keep pace with the inventor.

Caisson Disease, or "The Bends."

The inventor has a happy thought. He will construct tunnels under compressed air. A year or two later the doctor is at his heels with a book

and plunges against his ear-drums. In this way, a pressure from without combats the pressure from without.

Abnormal Brilliance.

In a few minutes the stranger becomes more at ease. He may even begin to feel elated. A candle in compressed air burns brighter than a candle in ordinary air. A man's body, for the same reason, may become capable of abnormally brilliant exertion; but like most abnormal brilliance, it brings its reaction.

Just in front of the stranger, where between wooden lagging and clay sides, a concrete wall is being pounded home, an assistant engineer falls limp into a puddle on the flat bed of the bore. In an instant his limpness is changed to tauntess. He draws himself together, convulsed, till his feet meet his head. He has "the bends."

Sometimes after proper treatment he recovers completely. Sometimes his limbs are twisted and paralyzed

hood. Finally some of the workmen manage to make their exit in thirty seconds. The first prize for this feat was paralysis; the consolation prizes were vomitings and convulsions.

The Slaves of King Lead.

In a cheap restaurant, a man may be found, who, most unheroically, is using his wrists instead of fingers as he lifts a cup of coffee to his mouth. A moment or two later, he drops his mouth into the hash that the waiter has set before him. He leaves his knife and his fork lying beside his plate on the table. In lifting cups end-in-eating food, this man cannot make use of his fingers. He grasps cups with the inside of his wrists, or, sometimes, even with his elbows. He buries his nose in his food. All his bones, nerves and muscles below his wrists might as well be on the other side of the world. He has wrist-drop.

From the wrists and the gaze to the brain the spirit of lead creeps silently, invisibly, irresistibly. An English Government Inspector stood in the workshop of a white-lead factory. The floor was strewn with tan-bark. On the tan-bark stood large earthenware pots. Inside the pots the workmen had poured acetic acid. On top of the pots they had laid long strips of lead. The acetic acid rose in fumes to eat the lead. In time there was no longer any ordinary lead there. It had become "white lead"—carbonate of lead, the kind used in white paint.

When the workmen began to re-

Promoted to Glory.

MOTHER WATERHOUSE, OF PALMERSTON.

The Death Angel visited us at Palmerston on August 28th, and has taken Mother Waterhouse away from the home of her daughter.

Mother was saved in The Army over twenty years ago at Clinton, and since then has fought faithfully for her God and His Salvation Army. During the last two years, however, she has been unable to attend the meetings regularly, but when the Captain visited her, she bore always a bright, clear and soaring testimony.

A very impressive funeral service was conducted by Staff-Captain Hay, of Stratford, on Saturday, 31st, at which Corps Mother was a Soldier, and on Sunday night, in spite of the storm which raged outside, a large crowd came along to the Memorial service. Deep impression was made on many hearts, and God was glorified.

Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And while Eternity ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Captain Scott,

SISTER MRS. VIVIAN, OF HARE BAY, NFLD.

Before She Departed, Breathed, "Jesus I Will Trust Thee."

Twill be a sad home-coming for Sergeant Brother Vivian, whose dear wife has just recently passed away to the Glory Land. At present he is in Labrador, with one of his boys, and consequently was unable to be by his beloved's side when she peacefully left this earth. She had only been sick for two weeks, and during this short time was full of the Saviour's presence. There are five children left behind, and before leaving them, Mrs. Vivian called them each by name, as if commanding them to the Heavenly Father. Among her last words were: "Jesus I will trust Thee." May God bless and comfort those who are left behind, but who may rejoice in knowing some day they may meet her in Heaven, if they are but faithful till the end.

Asleep in Jesus, oh! for me,
May such a blessed refuge be;
Securely shall thy ushers lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
Asleep in Jesus, oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sin,
That death has lost its venomous sting.

M. Noseworthy.

MRS JULIA BISHOP.

Our Comrade's Firm Trust in God, Brought Sweet Peace When the End Came.

Once again, God has seen fit to take home one of our dearest comrades at Dido in the person of the Junior Sergeant-Major, Mrs. Bishop. For almost two years she has been laid aside and yet during that time, which brought much suffering, she bore all without a murmur. Her firm trust in God made her pain so much easier to be borne with, and when the time came for her to go, she felt there was nothing to do but just let her go. And let Him bear her safely through the dark waters. Our comrade was a faithful Soldier, and for a time, J. S.M. We shall miss her much. At the memorial service many made reference to her faithful character, and at the close, four precious souls sought pardon at the Cross.

Our departed comrade leaves a husband, who is away from home at present. May God bless him in this his hour of grief.—Mrs. Adjutant Hiscock.

It is estimated that only 50,000 Alsatian cattle will be exported to England this fall. The number last year was 74,000.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Acting-Commissioner D. completed a very successful inspection in Mashonaland. The Army's native Lieut.-Colonel Johnson is The Commissioner's man, been of a very enthusiastic and courageous character.凡



In a Canadian Salmon-Canning Factory: Indian Women and Girls Trimming and Cleaning the Fish.

The Chinamen in the background have a light kind of pitchfork with which they pass the fish to other Chinamen, who cut off the heads and tails. There is also a machine for doing this. The cleaning and trimming is done by Indian women and girls. The process of canning is comparatively simple. A salmon may be miles away at breakfast time, and may be canned in good time for lunch. The output of the Fraser River cannery, at which this drawing is made, is 6,000 cases a day, or 250,000 pound tins, 48 going to a case.

about "caisson disease." Meanwhile, the engineer and the workmen, more insignificant than the doctor, have announced that their new disease is "the bends."

The stranger who ventures under compressed air is likely to experience an automatic convulsion of terror. The weight of the atmosphere fills him with a vague sensation of unnaturalness and of lassitude. Ordinary air has rested upon him with a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch; and to this he had been accustomed from childhood. But the air used in the construction of a tunnel has been condensed till it has acquired twice or thrice as much weight.

Such air lays a heavy hand upon the stranger. It oppresses him with a weight of from thirty to forty-five pounds on every inch of his body. His head swells. His ear-drums quiver painfully under the assaults of an invisible pneumatic pestilence. He puts his hands over his ears. He feels like crouching beneath his punishment. His guides give him some advice. They tell him to hold his nose with his fingers and then try to expel his breath. He obeys. The air from his lungs and from his mouth runs through his Eustachian tubes

forever. Sometimes he makes a partial recovery, to find that one of his legs has become three inches shorter than the other. Always he suffers, for many hours, the pains of an exquisite rheumatism.

When the compressed-air man wishes to leave his tunnel, he enters the compression-chamber, which stands between the tunnel and the outer air. The door between the compression-chamber and the tunnel is securely closed. A small hole leading to the outer air is slightly opened, and through this the compressed air escapes from the compression-chamber. The more slowly it is allowed to escape, the less danger is there that the compressed-air man will have convulsions. When the Blackwall tunnel was built, in London, there was a rule devised by a wise management. Five minutes, it was said, must be consumed in letting the compressed air out of the compression-chamber into the outer air. Immediately the workmen in the tunnel invented a game. Who could get out of the compression-chamber quickest? The hole between the chamber and the outer air was opened to its widest extent, and the condensed air rushed out with a roar that terrorised the neighbor-

move the carbonate of lead from the earthenware pots, one robust young fellow fell to the floor in a faint. When he had been revived, he looked about him blankly. He was blind. A day or two later he was sent to an insane asylum. Lead-poisoning, plumbism, starting with colic, stopping for a moment at wrist-drop, and terminating with insanity, had with him run its full course.

Biophosphide of Carbon.

One of the most interesting of the industrial poisons is biophosphide of carbon, to the effects of which many thousand men and women in America and in Europe are daily exposed. Like lead, this foe of those who handle it aspires from a tyranny over man's muscles to a tyranny over his brain. Unlike lead, it is ugly, alert, sudden. Its fumes rise eagerly to the nostrils, and make their way to the brain with a celerity which sluggish lead cannot equal.

Rubber must be vulcanised. The world needs vulcanised rubber for a thousand uses. Therefore, biophosphide of carbon when it vulcanises rubber, is indispensably useful. And, like many great men, who are also indi-

(Continued on page 16.)

A Group of Native Cadets

with The Army's open promised co-operation in extension. The Commissioned a number of them during his visit, and appointed stations at which working started in Mashonaland for the purpose of reaching the most Northern part of the country, he spent five days wagon, and four nights

At Salisbury, Lieut.-Colonel met the Commissioned shirt-sleeves and wide-awake. He had not intended to appear, but thoroughly the up-country explained that on the 1st of November, in order to get which could thus be seen, he had taken off his coat and one of his Mashona boy to meet him with it at a but neither the boy nor scribe been heard of or

On the second night made a desperate effort to the dog which was with Lieut.-Colonel Johnson on the beast to drive him in the immensity during the whole of the not venture to pass the

While at Heilbronn, Mr. Clack had an interview with General De Wet received him most kindly with great interest in the work of the Salvation Army, and put for a donation towards the scheme.

Among the penitents the Mercy Seat at the lecture at Worcester, a



OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

SOUTH AFRICA.

Angel visited us at 1 August 28th, and has Waterhouse away from her daughter.

I saved in The Army years ago, at Clinton, and The Salvation Army has two years, however, been unable to attend theularly, but when the her, she always loved us, and bore always a and assuring testimony, ressive funeral service by Staff-Captain Hay on Saturday, 31st. Mother was a Soldier, day night, in spite of which ranged outside, a same along to the Mem-

Deep impression was y hearts, and God was

Christ, well done,
the new employ;
Eternal ages run,
thy Saviour's joy.
Captain Scott.

VIVIAN, OF HARE
AY, NFLD.

parted; Breathed, "Jesus
Trust Thee."

sad home-coming for
Vivian, whose dear
recently passed away
and. At present he is
with one of his boys,
tly, was unable to be
s side when she peace-
earth. She had only
two weeks, and during
time was full of the
e. There are five child-
d, and before leaving
ian called them each
commending them to
Father. Among her
e, "Jesus, I will trust
God bless and comfort
left behind, but who
knowing some day
l her in Heaven, it
faithful till the end.

oh! for me,
fleeful refuge be;
my ashes be,
impious from on high.

Oh! how sweet,
a slender rib;
dience to sing;
lost its reposed sting.
M. Noseworthy.

ULIA BISHOP.

Firm Trust in God,
et Peace When the
End Came.

God has seen fit to
e of our dearest com-
in the person of the
and Major, Mrs. Bishop.
o years she has been
e, yet during that time
much suffering, she
t murmur. Her firm
ade her pain so much
begin with, and
for her to go, she fell
to do just that
and let him beat her
the dark waters. Our
faithful Soldier, and
S.M. We shall miss
the memorial service
ference to her, but
at the close, she
ought pardon at the

comrade leaves a hut
away from home, as
God bled him, in this
ef.---Mrs. Adjutant His-

ed that only 5000 Al-
will be exper-
all. The number is

was a newspaper man who had come to report the proceedings for a local Paper.

At a recent Rescue meeting, Mrs. Commissioner Richards told a very touching story of a girl who was rescued from a life of sin and restored to her aged parents by our Army Rescue Officer. The poor old couple, to show their gratitude, insisted on the family Bible to her, because it was the thing they valued most.

At the opening of a new Hall at Ginsberg, in the King William's Town Native District, the proceedings were conducted in real Kaffir style. The principal events were the tea and musical festival, which began early in the evening, but did not conclude until six o'clock next morning. Riedsel, Tsolo, and Tshoxo, Native Locations, each providing songsster troops, as also did the Westleyans of a neighbouring location. The program was a long one, each Brigade providing sections, one containing forty-five, another thirty-five, and the shortest, fifteen items. Each of the persons present, with the exception of songsters—and the Hall was jammed to its utmost capacity—paid one shilling for admission, and during the intervals there was the usual friendly rivalry between individuals as to their gifts to the collection.

The Army's Social Farm at Durban entered amongst the exhibitors at the recent Agricultural Show there and succeeded in carrying off a number of prizes, including two specials, eleven firsts and eight seconds, in addition to many other awards for pigs and poultry. Since this event, the Farm authorities are continually receiving orders from poultry keepers and others.

Arrangements are being made for the opening up of new Corps at East London, Uitenhage and Swellendam. Adjutant Govaris has been visiting Cape Town on her way to Rhodesia.

The Mayor of Germiston has been pleased to present the local Officer with a cheque for \$100.00 to aid the work there.

FRANCE.

Colonel and Mrs. Fornachon have entered upon their new command with fine determination. Their introductory week-end meetings in Paris were of an enthusiastic and God-glorying character, and the outlook is distinctly encouraging.

DENMARK.

During the recent visit of the King of Denmark to Iceland, one of our Officers went to Thingvalla selling "War Crys." Whilst so engaged among a throng of people, he was espied by His Majesty, who, shaking him by the hand, said, "I am glad to see The Salvation Army uniform. I was pleased to meet your General in Copenhagen recently. May the Lord help The Army to win many souls all over the world." All eyes were at once turned towards the astonished

and honoured Captain, who immediately became a very important person.

The welcome meeting of Colonel and Mrs. Povlsen, the newly-appointed Territorial Commander, is fixed for the 11th inst., at the Temple, Copenhagen, when all the city Corps will unite. It is certain that the Colonel and his wife will be given a right hearty reception.

JAVA.

The Resident Governor of Samirang recently paid an official visit to The Army's Social Institution in the city. He arrived early in the morning, when all the inmates were at work and went over the whole place, inspecting the dormitories, examining the food supplied and also visiting the school, where the children were being instructed by our Javanese teacher, Lieutenant Soediro, who, himself, was raised from a life of sin by means of this Institute. The Governor shewed great interest in the work, and expressed his satisfaction and pleasure with what he had seen.

In a former communication, Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossouw stated that there was a possibility of The Army obtaining a Government grant for the Balavin Military Home. He now reports that the Government has decided to give The Army, for the remainder of the year, a grant of one hundred and eighty guilders, or thirty guilders per month. True, the amount is not very large, but the decision is an important one, this being the first official grant in money that we have obtained.

In Java, Colonel Van Rossouw is

hopeful that for 1908 The Army will

obtain a grant up to the same amount

at least, namely thirty guilders per

month.

The first marriage of two Jav-

aneses Salvation Army Officers has

just been celebrated. The ceremony



The King of Denmark.

well says, our methods are strikingly different, and the interest of the people, and their enthusiastic remarks, clearly evidenced the fact that they, too, thought our way the best.

INDIA.

A small purely heathen village called Kumayamore, consisting of some fifty people, has been entirely captured for The Army by the untiring efforts of Adjutant Sema Putra, who, himself, was a heathen before conversion. The D. O. of Nanjinadu, who recently opened the village, speaks highly of these poor people.

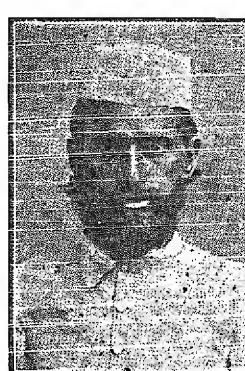
Latest advices from the various Indian Territories indicate that the memorial services for Commissioner Higgins held throughout the country, were of a very impressive and soul-saving character.

Three hand looms sent to Madras (Training and Telengue Territory) from Bombay—one for the Rescue Home, and one each for the Boy's and Girl's Industrial Schools—have just been fitted up by Ensign Maxwell, and are now in full working order.

The Government Inspector seems to have been particularly well pleased with the condition of the Boy's Industrial School upon the occasion of his recent visit. Ten boys set up for special examination, have all passed. Two of the lads in the advanced section, who were studying in the Government Normal School, at Battal, appeared at their examination some months ago, and information has just been received that both have successfully passed. They have now been sent out to take charge of schools which will be entitled to Government grants. As both lads are good and well-trained Salvationists, they have been given the title of Cadet-Lieutenants.

The abnormal rains in the Marathi Territory are causing considerable sickness in the locality. Cholera and enteric fever seem to be especially prevalent, but up to the present, our people have been mercifully preserved. In spite of adverse circumstances, however, the work is going forward and victory is crowning the efforts of our Officers and Soldiers.

The latest intelligence from the Punjab and North-West Territory is also encouraging. A new district has been opened in the native State and the population, which comprises both Hindus and Mohammedans, has shown great friendliness towards The Army. This District will bridge the gap which existed between the Corps in the Punjab and North India.

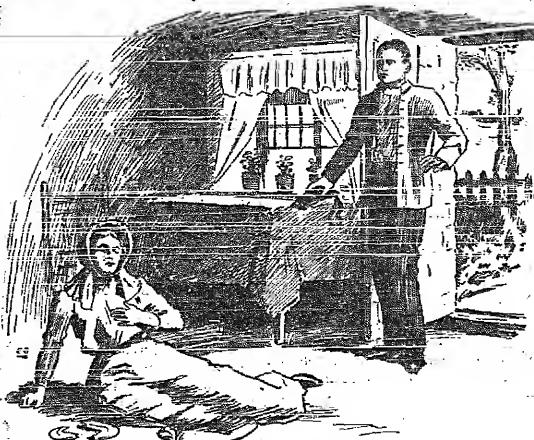


A Delhi Mohammedan.

was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Van Rossouw, who reports that the people were simply captivated when they heard the Articles of Marriage read and the promises made by bride and bridegroom. To ratify a marriage in Java, the custom is to pay a certain amount to the priest, which, in the case of common people, is a mitig (two guilders or fifty cents). If they desire a separation they have simply to do the same thing over again and the matter is settled. As the Colonel

TOM OF THE FENS. POACHER AND OUTLAW.

A SERIAL STORY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST.



Out of Prison—Tom's Mother Fainted to See Her Wayward Son in Such a Position.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE bread and water in a dark cell, with fifty lashes to help it down, and a good supply of chains and iron to prevent it getting into his head, was Tom's reward for knocking down the warden. Well might the poet ask—

"And what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty;
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till changed to poison.
They break on him like a loathsome poison."

Yet, so it was, and the pity of it was that only thirty years ago our love and wisdom knew no better. Seeing seeds of hatred and revenge we looked for virtue's harvest, scarcely less blind than those we punished. When Tom emerged from the "dust hole," he was unabused, though somewhat

Chastened With His Long Fast.

On purpose, only, remained to him, and that was but feeble, like everything else about him. Like a stunned ox, rather than a man, he stumbled through the duties allotted to him, his days one long, grey stupor. Once and again he roused himself to try and arrest and keep before him something he had resolved upon during the darkness and leisure of "the dust hole."

A man must think about something when deprived of all the activities of life, and when that man happens to be utterly void of mental and spiritual resources, he is bound to lose himself in plans for the future; and the plans he makes are bound to take form and colour from his surroundings.

Although an Englishman, Tom knew that he was beaten. He had intended to be free, like the birds with it is always afternoon. But he was not a bird, and, so he had failed. Defying the restraints of law and order, he had brought down upon his own shoulders enough law (of man's making) to sink an ironclad.

Tom did not put the case in so many words, but he did admit that he had

"Made a Mess of It."

which comes to the same thing in the end.

And like many unsavvy folk who discover that they have blundered, Tom celebrated the discovery by jumping from the frying pan into the fire. He determined to try again—on his own account this time, not to spit Welsh! He was

sick of life, and had no heart to face the summons out against him, which would have to be met when his military discipline came to an end. But another man has resolved that Tom should not commit suicide during his reign. This was the turnkey. Not that he would have cared much if all the prisoners had been found dangling against the walls of Horse-monger's Jail when he was not on duty, but vigilance was the ladder by which he meant to climb to promotion. So it came to pass that his eye watched Tom's preparations through the spy-hole of his cell, and his body entered the cell just in time to report the misdeemeanour—and his own vigilance.

So Tom gave it up, and spent his time trying to think about nothing. This ought not to have been difficult, seeing how very narrow his horizon had been, but there was one memory which haunted him persistently, and which seemed bent on taking its revenge.

Again and again would he start up from an uneasy sleep to fancy

His Mother's Face Bending Over Him:

Then, falling asleep, he would dream himself back into childhood, his legs dangling from the high seat in the little Methodist Chapel, through the windows of which peeped honeysuckle and clematis roses; and he would wake up with a start when he came to the moment of falling asleep during the sermon, and toppling over on to the floor. Tom told himself that he was getting nervous; but, although he shook himself and felt the muscles of his long arms just to assure himself that he was "not a girl, but a strong man, a mate for three keepers any day," the nightmare returned again and again, leaving him less assured of himself after each visit.

A man whose brain had been more active might have gone mad, but it was Tom's moral nature which suffered most during his fifteen years' prison discipline. His sensibilities were being blunted, and his vices confirmed.

A welcome diversion came at last. One morning, after

Having Been Weighed and Measured, according to prison etiquette, Tom was taken under escort to Wandsworth Prison.

As a precaution against moral inoculation, the inmates of Wandsworth wore masks. Anything more grotesque than the appearance of the men thus disguised and dressed in ill-fitting garments can scarcely be imagined, but the humor of human nature is not always very fully developed in the official mind, which may account for the comedy so often found within the grave, grim walls of our prisons. That

the disguise existed only in the imaginations of the prison authorities was evident from the smiles exchanged between Tom and one of the retained faces exercising in the yard. "I know him," says our hero, "by his walls and the way of his shoulders."

Unlettered as he was, this modern Pagan had evidently studied men sufficiently to know that a cad, or a gentleman, carries his character between his shoulders just as frequently as in his face. The tongue and the eye may lie; a man's back, never, is a bad statement, but one worth considering.

Tom met another acquaintance whilst at Wandsworth, in the person of the complainant—a man whose whole soul proclivities and love of hunting had

Taxed His Income Unduly,

and compelled him to exchange a country living for the duties of prison chaplain. He still retained an aptitude for giving good advice, which Tom took in very good part, when he remembered that before he was "broke" the parson had always been good to the poor. Charity, in his estimation, was a cloak, long and broad enough to have covered more sins than this parson had ever been guilty of. A fellow feeling is said to make us "wondrous kind," and because Tom belonged to a class who never can say "no" to their own inclinations and desires, he condoned his own faults in the man whose example bore no sort of resemblance to the morality he preached.

One day Tom was brought before the military authorities for the last time.

A major, who had risen from the ranks, and who, into the bargain, was a Christian gentleman, summed up the business in one scathing question.

Looking gravely, but not unkindly, at Tom, he said, slowly, "Thomas—do you mean soldiering?"

"No, never!" was the unhesitating reply, uttered with such earnestness that the words carried conviction to all who heard them. That settled the matter, and one cold, March morning Tom found himself dismissed from H. M. Service. Without his belt and the fencings stripped from his jacket, he stood alone outside the prison, which had been his world for over two years.

Liberty did not seem quite so sweet as he had once thought it, and his spirits for the first time refused to rise to the occasion. Walking aimlessly on, he overtook a man who held



"Degraded and Dismissed the Service."

something in his hand which someone knew what to do with.

It was a passage-warrant for six months via Liverpool. The two men exchanged confidences. The two men of the acquaintance was that Tom was helped as far on his way as Stamford, in Lincolnshire. We say on his way, because when a man is friendless and hungry, and despairing, the world holds for him only one person, and that his mother, if so be he is fortunate enough to possess one.

Tom was going home, though thirteen miles lay between him and the welcome he felt sure awaited him.

Turning into one of the "houses of call" that had helped to make him what he was, he exchanged for drink, the money given him by his chance acquaintance, then set off on

His Thirteen-Mile Tramp.

Leaving the dusty road, he threaded his way between the crab trees and the stunted oak. The herbage, stiff with rime, rustled beneath his feet, imparting a sense of coolness strangely different to the fire in his head. Drinking on an empty stomach was unworthy of a poacher, Tom knew that much, but he was no longer a hero to himself; only a poor tramp who had lost his hold of life, and who was not permitted to change his master for death. He must compass his thirteen miles, and only by means of artificial strength could he hope to succeed.

Now, it must not be supposed that Tom was anxious to get home in order that he might express his remorse for the past, and make promises for the future. Such a thought never occurred to him. He had not yet "come to himself," and only turned to his mother because he believed in her, and he had lost faith in himself. What he expected of his going home he did not stop to think.

But Stubbornly Pushed On

towards the only goal he knew of. There was no shelter, it seemed to him, from the keenness of the wind. There was no wayfarer on the road. There was no himself, and the only familiar sound for miles was the wail of the north-westerly gale.

Presently the vicinity of home made itself known by the cold, white mist which enshrouded him.

A last climb up a sandy rise, and he saw between the gorse and heather a low, humbly-thatched roof, from which the smoke was issuing. One stood in the doorway for a moment, then withdrew.

By this time, Tom's feet were tired with walking, and, as he drew near the cottage, with limping gait and drooping head, his own mother passed for one moment in what she was doing to see through the cottage window the broken figure of the man she took to be a stranger and a beggar. The good woman was papering the ceiling when Tom walked up to the cottage door, and prepared to cross the threshold.

With one sharp cry of "It's our Tom at last!" she leaped, exclaiming against the doorpost, and then fell motionless upon the sanded floor.

(To be continued.)

IN HIS PRESENCE

Two hundred years ago, there lived a simple-minded man, who made a cook by profession, was one of the rarest jewels. At the age of forty, when wandering in a wood in the depth of winter, the thought suddenly flashed into his mind that these very trees had stood before him naked and bare, and for so long, that he had clothed in a luxuriant leasure. In a moment he realized that God must be there, and he said that God must be there, and he said to himself, "He is here, close beside to himself. He is everywhere, so that me, and He is everywhere, so that I can never again be out of His presence." This sense of the nearness of God moulded and fashioned the whole inner being.

WHERE POISON HAUNTS MAN'S DAILY WORK

(Continued from page 5.)

pensably useful, it leaves behind a wake of sorrow and of suffering.

A man is walking listlessly to his work. Yesterday, with his full of the tumes of bisulphide of iron, he left the factory exhausted, but by the time he reached his dinner did not look attractive. He left it untouched, and sank on his bed. In an instant he was asleep. For ten hours he lay motionless. Then he awoke with the knowledge that for every hour of sleep he had wrapped another heavy bandage around his brain. Without breaking his good-bye to his family.

The Way of Madness.

Now, however, as he approaches the factory, he begins to move energetically. He enters the factory, the fumes of the bisulphide of iron himself up. His eye brightens, pulse quickens. He has taken, in form of bisulphide, the "corpse-reviver," which the vagrant, befriended by the police-saloon-keeper, takes over the bar.

That way madness lies—but for women than for men. The new system of women, more delicate, adjusted than that of men, more constantly in a state of unstable equilibrium. Bisulphide pushes their reason from base more quickly. Where a man is simple shaken to collapse, a woman may be spurred into insanity. In England the Government Officials have recorded cases in which women frenzied by inhalations of bisulphide have rushed blindly from their work and have thrown themselves out of windows of factories, head first, into the street below.

There are many other poisons—

Phosphorus, lead, chlorine, hydro-

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nothing in his hand which he knew what to do with. It was a passage-warrant for him via Liverpool. The two changed confidences, and the name of the acquaintance was Tom, in Lincolnshire. We went his way, because when a man is endless end hungry, and despairing, the world holds for him only one door, and that his mother, if so fortunate enough to possess one. Tom was going home, though it miles lay between him and the home he felt sure awaited him. Turning into one of the "hollows" that had helped to make what he was, he exchanged his money given him by his acquaintance, then set off on

His Thirteen-Mile Tramp.

Leaving the dusty road, he threaded a way between the crab trees and the stunted oak. The herbs, at this time, rustled beneath his feet, imparting a sense of coolness strange to the fire in his stomach, rinking on an empty stomach, unworthy of a poacher, Tom knew much, but he was no longer a fool to himself; only a poor tramp who had lost his hold of life, and was not permitted to change his way for death. He must compass that thirteen miles, and only by means of artificial strength could he hope to succeed.

Now, it must not be supposed that Tom was anxious to get home in order that he might express his promises for the past, and make promises for the future. Such a thought never occurred to him. He had not yet come to himself, and only thought of his mother because she had found him, and he had lost faith in himself. What he expected as a result of going home he did not then know.

But Stubbornly Pushed On.

With the only good he knew, there was no shelter, it seemed, from the keenness of the wind, there was no wayfarer on the road, he had to leave himself, and the only familiar sound for miles was the wall of the ever-resting peewit.

Presently the vicinity of home was still known by the cold, white mist which came toward him.

A last climb up a sandy rise, he saw between the gose and hedge, low, humbly-thatched roof, from which the smoke was issuing.

He stood in the doorway for a moment, then withdrew.

By this time, Tom's feet were walking, and, as he drew near the cottage with limping gait, the looing head, his own mother was the broken figure of the man she used to be a stranger and a beggar. The good woman was papering the cottage when Tom walked up to the door, and prepared to cross the threshold.

With one sharp cry of "It's me at last!" she leaned swooning against the doorpost, and then fell motionless upon the sauced floor.

(To be continued.)

IN HIS PRESENCE.

Two hundred years ago, there was a simple-minded man, who, by profession, was a cook. He had the rarest jewels. At the age of twenty, when wandering in the depth of winter, the man suddenly fainted. He lay on the ground, these very trees, and was soon found him naked and covered with dirt. He was clothed in the leaves of the nearest leafage. It was necessary to realize that God must be there, and not to himself. "He is here, even though I am, and He is in me, and I can never again be out of His presence." This saying of the man, God, moulded, and fashioned the whole inner being.

THE WAR CRIMES.

WHERE POISON HAUNTS
MAN'S DAILY WORK.

(Continued from page 5.)

pensably useful, it leaves behind it a wake of sorrow and of suffering as well as of admiration.

A man is walking listlessly towards his work. Yesterday, with his lungs full of the fumes of bisulphide of carbon, he left the factory exhilarated; but by the time he reached home, his dinner did not look attractive. He left it untouched, and sank down on his bed. In an instant he was asleep. For ten hours he lay motionless. Then he awoke with the feeling that for every hour of sleep he had wrapped another heavy bandage around his brain. Without breakfast, he said good-bye to his family.

The Way of Madness.

Now, however, as he approaches the factory, he begins to move more energetically. He enters. He sniffs the fumes of the bisulphide. He draws himself up. His eye brightens; his pulse quickens. He has taken, in the form of bisulphide, the morning "corpse-reviver," which the vagrant voter, befriended by the politest saloon-keeper, takes over the bar, in the form of tinted alcohol.

That way, madness lies—but more for women than for men. The nervous system of women, more delicately adjusted than that of men, is more constantly in a state of unstable equilibrium. Bisulphide pushes their reason from its base more quickly. Where a man is simple shaken to collapse, a woman may be spurred into insanity. In England the Government Officials have recorded cases in which women, frenzied by inhalations of bisulphide, have rushed blindly from their work and have thrown themselves out of the windows of factories, head first, to the street below.

There are many other poisoned substances:

Phosphorus, lead, chlorine, bichromate of potassium, bisulphide of carbon—these things translated from chemical to human terms, mean daily physical danger for thousands of men and women in Europe and in America. Yet, the men who face these subtle enemies are not heroes. The hero rises to a climax. In the cab of his locomotive he passes from perfect health to sudden death in a sharp moment. His task is high. His sacrifice is glorious. There is no glory, there is no climax of self-devotion, for the survivor who is drawing lines and marking angles in a compressed-air tunnel. The only difference between him and the survivor on the street corner above him is that instead of breathing one atmosphere, he is breathing three. Anybody can do that. And anybody who does it may to-day, or to-morrow, or next week, or next year, when the daily assaults of three atmospheres have at last reached the cindel of his constitution, fall fainting to the floor without any outburst of great endeavor, with only a final acceptance of gradually exhausted health.

"There are tears in things." That is the epitaph of the man who encounters poison in his ordinary daily work.

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

Limited to Officers Only, is Doing Well, but we have not got YOUR Story yet, friends, remember.

Ten Dollars for the Best Short Story.

THESE ARE THE CONDITIONS:

1. The Story must relate to the War in Canada or Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed 500 words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, may refer to a soldier, or may have been told to the writer by some other person.
4. The incident must illustrate the power of salvation and the effectiveness of the Army's methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answer to prayers, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open air or in the hall, etc.

That which constitutes the best story, will be the most interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel and extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars.

Stories received after the first of October will not be eligible for this competition; and each officer must send his own portrait, as we purpose publishing the portraits of the twelve officers with the stories. Send your story in straight away.

To All Soldiers and Readers—A Dollar for a Christmas Incident.

We want incidents relating to Christmas and the Salvation War in Canada. If you know a good story, or have heard a good story suitable for our Christmas Number, we want you to send it along, and to the one who sends us the best story on the following lines we shall send a dollar. We shall give away ten dollars in this competition, so there is a chance for ten persons to get our best thanks and a dollar bill.

For two hundred words that tell either of the following—

The most remarkable Salvation Christians incident I have ever known: What it was that led to my conversion; The most tragic martyrdom I have ever attended, or open-air incident I have ever known; The greatest report of grace I have ever met in Canada. The best story of a fellow-officer who is probably too modest to tell it himself or herself. The most exciting moment of my Salvation career; The strangest Prayer meeting I was ever in; The Funniest Testimony I have ever heard; What a Salvation Song did; The most interesting Immigrant Story I have ever been told; The greatest act of human Consecration I have ever seen; The most amusing Collection incident I have heard.

When the "Stella" was wrecked on the Casquets, in the English Channel, a boat load of passengers left the wreck—in their haste taking no ears. Their distress was great when the omission was discovered. Many burst into tears. One noble Christian woman, with a fine contralto voice, began singing, to comfort them, several of the solos from the "Messiah" and "Elijah." In the darkness her voice was like an angel singing. But it not only comforted her companions—it actually was the means of their being saved, for the captain of a steam tug sent out to find them, heard the voice singing "Oh, rest in the Lord," and set his course in their direction and took them all on board.

The Deliverance of God.

We want incidents relating to Christmas and the Salvation War in Canada. If you know a good story, or have heard a good story suitable for our Christmas Number, we want you to send it along, and to the one who sends us the best story on the following lines we shall send a dollar. We shall give away ten dollars in this competition, so there is a chance for ten persons to get our best thanks and a dollar bill.

The most remarkable Salvation Christians incident I have ever known: What it was that led to my conversion; The most tragic martyrdom I have ever attended, or open-air incident I have ever known; The best story of a fellow-officer who is probably too modest to tell it himself or herself. The most exciting moment of my Salvation career; The strangest Prayer meeting I was ever in; The Funniest Testimony I have ever heard; What a Salvation Song did; The most interesting Immigrant Story I have ever been told; The greatest act of human Consecration I have ever seen; The most amusing Collection incident I have heard.

(Outline of Addresses Delivered to Friends in Canada.)

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